


THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

NOVEMBER 26, 1965

TIME

THE WEEK MAGAZINE



CLEVELAND'S
JIMMY BROWN

HENRY KROGER

VOL. 86 NO. 22

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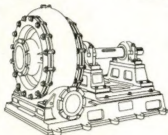


There's a new jet in the air called the F-111 that can do things no jet could ever do before.

It can cruise at the speed of a piston plane, then (with that help from American Brake Shoe) fold its wings and zoom in on its prey at $2\frac{1}{4}$ times the speed of sound.

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As a matter of fact, Abex today is combining its knowledge of hydraulic equipment, friction products, railroad products, and castings and forgings into products and services that contribute to progress throughout the world.



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CONTINENTAL

GOLDEN JETS

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The bouquet comes later

If Great Western Rosé is the rainbow after a shower, Great Western Burgundy is the dark before.



Great Western Rosé
is a laughing Rosé.
Light and uncomplicated.
Clear and quite pretty.

A young girl on the brink
of blooming. Its grapes cluster.
Tight and tiny and fragrant
in the way of violets shower-
ing in the rain. You want
to pluck a vine for your
vase. Still, instinct
says let it linger
on Finger Lake
hills. Let it grow
from the soil
and the sun of New
York State's Lake
Keuka. Let it live



to pour its promise into a wine
bottle. A pretty promise come true
in Great Western Rosé. Too fresh to
play favorites. All fish and fowl are
its fair friends. And rich red roasts
and the quieter meats feel gayer for
its company. Yet, there is a dryness
in this Rosé despite the sweet young
ways. It underlies the very scent:
a becoming bouquet you find
yourself nuzzling through dinner.

Great Western Burgundy will not be
ignored. The rich redness of it beck-
ons you to the bottle. And asserts
itself in your wineglass. Noble wine.

Its grapes grow lordly on
the vine. The sun over Lake
Keuka treads softly on them.

Giant leaves shade all but
the gentlest rays and
temper all winds to

a whisper. Still,

Great Western

Burgundy is

not foppish. It

is robust. A wine

so lusty neither

good red meat nor

thick red sauce

can find better fare. Yet, there is a

softer side. A

gentle, touching

tenderness

hiding behind

a blooming

bouquet. If Great

Western Rosé is

the rainbow after a shower, Great

Western Burgundy is the dark

before. Bring what pleases you most.



Great Western wines the world around its little Finger Lake with the dry and the sweet—the still and the sparkling—all the way up to Champagne. 25 great ones gleaned from New York State after 106 years by the Pleasant Valley Wine Company, Hammondsport, N. Y.

Sentry gets a real bang out of insuring a 'small' business like Bob Burkett's...

If you run a business like Bob Burkett's, farm equipment and hardware, in Biggsville, Ill.—you know what chews at you these days. Price cutting all around you! Cost of business inching up! Mostly, though, you don't have enough time! Time to get out and sell the way you want to!

Sentry knows you have these problems. After all, our business was started by a group of small businessmen—hardware merchants—who got together to form a company and insure themselves. And even though we sell all kinds of insurance nowadays, fire, auto, life, homeowners and so on, our main stock-in-trade is insuring small businesses!

And we like to think we can do a better job for them because we've *been* one of 'em. We know what a small businessman is up against. What his business is all about.

Take Bob Burkett's operation. "Dad started the business back in '24", says Bob. "I grew up in it. Wasn't more'n 6 years old when I started shagging parts. There was a dab of hardware, but mainly farm equipment. In a good year Dad did \$50,000 gross."

Now the business is 10 times that big! One of the reasons Bob does over half a million a year is the way he services what he sells. Doesn't just repair a piece of machinery, he *rebuilds* it. Won't do just a "patch" job for love or money!

There's a pretty sizable plant today. About 11,000 square feet in the shop and the store, plus



3 warehouses, 9 employees and \$150,000 or so in stock on hand. What do you do about protecting an operation like this?

Here's what Sentry does: we cover Bob's buildings for fire—and save him \$105 a year on the general rate. Cover the contents and rolling stock—at \$180 a year saving. There's another \$200 a year saving on public liability. \$15 on accounts receivable. \$40 on

business interruption. Add to those savings \$150 on business life insurance, \$240 workmen's compensation and you have a total of: \$930. All saved. For Bob Burkett. By Sentry.

It's no mystery how it's done: the Sentry man knows his business. Knows *Bob's* business, too. And helps Bob run it so his insurance costs are cut.

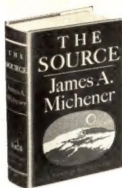
Maybe we could help U.S. Steel the same way we help Bob. But right now we can't find out. Even though we do over \$135,000,000 a year, if we took on giants like U.S. Steel—we simply wouldn't have enough good people to go 'round. Couldn't give the right kind of service to Bob Burkett. And you.

Perhaps you'd like to lock-up nights feeling safe, cut out a lot of worry, and save yourself some money into the bargain.

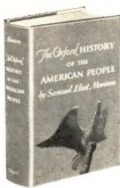
The Sentry man might be able to swing those things for you. Why don't you call him? He is in the Yellow Pages. Don't forget, to him, your business is "big" business!

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...we're only sorry we can't do it for U.S. Steel.



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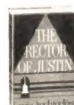
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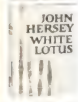
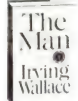
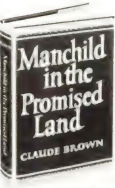
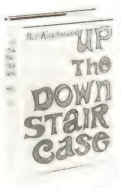
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, November 24

FRANK SINATRA—A MAN AND HIS MUSIC (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).* Still another Sinatra special, this time a one-man musical show: no dancers, no comics, no production numbers—just the king, alone on his throne, singing.

PRO FOOTBALL: MAYHEM ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Van Heflin narrates a special on football that includes rare film clips of early games.

CONGRESS NEEDS HELP (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A report based on a study by a management-consultant firm that measured the operating methods of Congress against the best management practices in private industry. David Brinkley tells the sad results.

Thursday, November 25

THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE JUBILEE (CBS, 10 a.m.-noon). Four parades—Macy's in New York, Gimbel's in Philadelphia, Hudson's in Detroit and Eaton's in Toronto. Macy's gets fuller treatment from NBC in a two-hour show beginning at 10 a.m.

REMEMBER COLE PORTER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A musical tribute starring Maurice Chevalier, Robert Goulet and Nancy Ames.

A VISIT TO WASHINGTON WITH MRS. LYNDON B. JOHNSON—ON BEHALF OF A MORE BEAUTIFUL AMERICA (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). The First Lady plumping for the cause.

Friday, November 26

THE INCREDIBLE WORLD OF JAMES BOND (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A look at the spy who became a mushroom-shaped cloud—with clips from all the Bond movies and a filmed interview with the late Ian Fleming.

Saturday, November 27

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The National Surfing Championships at Huntington Beach, Calif., and the New York State Firemen's competition in Utica, N.Y.

N.C.A.A. COLLEGE FOOTBALL (NBC, 1-4:15 p.m.). The Army-Navy game.

ABC SCOPE (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.; 7:30 p.m. in New York). "The Freedom Shuttle: Dilemma in Miami," a study of the problems created by the influx of Cuban refugees.

Sunday, November 28

WHO SHALL LIVE (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). A report on the artificial kidney.

THE DANGEROUS CHRISTMAS OF RED RIDING HOOD, OR OH WOLF, POOR WOLF (ABC, 7-8 p.m.). A musical special by Julie Stynce, Bob Merrill and Robert Emmett. Cyril Richard plays Wolf, a hero in this version, and Liza Minnelli is the red (Riding Hood) menace.

THE JULIE ANDREWS SHOW (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). The first of a series of musical specials with Miss Andrews. This one also has Gene Kelly and the New Christy Minstrels.

Monday, November 29

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT WITH LEONARD BERNSTEIN (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). "Musical Atoms—A Study of Intervals," illustrated with

*All times E.S.T.

performances of Brahms, Vaughan Williams and Wagner, accompanied by verbal explanations from Bernstein.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN. Peter Shaffer's historical drama tosses a pebble of thought into a sea of spectacle. With consummate skill, Christopher Plummer plays a tortured Pizarro in search of Peruvian treasure and a rebirth of faith.

GENERATION. "Do-it-yourself" is the operative philosophy of a resolutely anti-conformist young couple in a Greenwich Village loft. They even plan to deliver their own baby—until Father-in-Law Henry Fonda flies in from Chicago, thwarts their plans and charms the audience.

HALF A SIXPENCE "is better than none" is Tommy Steele's theme in this younger-than-springtime musical, and the ubiquitous Steele is better than must of the breed as the singing-dancing-bunio-playing Kippis, a rags-to-riches-to-rags hero.

THE ODD COUPLE is odd indeed, as an impulsive slob and his compulsively anti-septic pal set up an all-male household after their wives have left them. Spats and laughs are the daily routine.

LUV. A trio of psychic swingers tries to worry themselves and each other to death as they trade neuroses and woes in Murray Schisgal's satire.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. Bill Manhoff pits a prudish book clerk against a free-living prostitute and injects each round with hilarity as the flesh triumphs over the spirit.

Off Broadway

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE. Arthur Miller's minor-key drama strikes a tragic note as a longshoreman defies family tradition and society's mores because of an incestuous love for his niece.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER REVISITED. The fun and games that lurk beneath even the bleak surface of Depression and War are replayed in a revue of the lesser-known tunes in the Porter portfolio.

RECORDS

Choral and Song

BERLIOZ: REQUIEM (2 LPs; Columbia). This colossus of music honored the heroic dead of the July 1830 revolution. Inspired by St. Peter's in Rome, Berlioz wanted to match the grandeur of its architecture in sound. He nearly does so in this performance conducted by Eugene Ormandy. The Philadelphia Orchestra, augmented by extra horns, winds and percussion, and the Temple University Choirs of 250 voices are welded into an instrument of blockbusting power and variety; four brass bands blaze the summons to the Last Judgment, and the woodwinds whisper as Tenor Cesare Valletti sings the poetic *Sanctus*.

HANDEL: MESSIAH (3 LPs; Angel). Octogenarian Otto Klemperer has produced a *Messiah* that is spacious and well-ordered, yet moving and mysterious. He probes the emotional depths of Christ's story with perhaps more power than he uses to scale the jubilant heights. The Philharmonia

Setsuko



JAL hostess Setsuko Maeda is proud of her doll collection—and indeed, dolls are one of the most delightful art forms of classic Japan. So is the gracious kind of hospitality Setsuko creates aboard your Jet Courier. In kimono she serves you Oriental delicacies and JAL's famous Continental cuisine...pampers you with traditional Japanese service.

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Orchestra and Chorus are outstanding and the soloists are good. They include Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Jerome Hines, who sings majestically in spite of a few uncertain slides into home bass. Klemperer's sober new recording is musically the peer of Sir Thomas Beecham's big bright version with its heady hallelujahs (RCA Victor), and of Sir Adrian Boult's, which stars Joan Sutherland and her exquisite embellishments (London).

SCHOENBERG: GURRE-LIEDER (2 LPs: Deutsche Grammophon). Gurre is a castle where the maiden Tove and the Danish King Waldemar sing of love and death.

Schoenberg wrote this gargantuan cantata before he made his break with tonality, but he deploys the oversized orchestra and chorus in daring polyphonic passages that alternate with romantic solos, sung beautifully in this recording by Soprano Inge Borkh and Tenor Herbert Schacht Schneider. The Bavarian Radio Orchestra is conducted by Rafael Kubelick.

ROSSINI: STABAT MATER (Columbia). Rossini had given up the stage by the time he wrote this setting for the sorrowful 13th century Latin text, but infectious operatic airs keep bubbling up in the most unlikely spots. And Thomas Schippers conducts the New York Philharmonic as though he were in the theater pit. The first tenor solo, "Her Unhappy Heart Grieved and Sorrowed," is as gay as the Toreador Song, and one could almost dance to "Is There One Who Does Not Weep?" sung by Soprano Martina Arroyo and Mezzo Beverly Wolff. The music fits the text near the finale, when it is a matter of expressing grief rather than grief.

PALESTRINA: STABAT MATER (Argo). Centuries apart from Rossini's work in time and spirit is Palestrina's flowing, mystical, many-voiced setting of the same verses. The choir of King's College, Cambridge, impeccably directed by David Wilcocks, is divided into two choruses to give answering effects in the *Stabat Mater* and in four other sacred works by Palestrina.

CINEMA

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS. Marital infidelity activates the subconscious of Actress Giulietta Masina in this psychic three-ring circus staged with unbuttoned gusto by Italy's Federico Fellini (*La Dolce Vita*, 1960), the Barnum of the avant-garde.

THE LEATHER BOYS. Rita Tushingham, as a serio-comic British strumpet, nearly loses her teen-aged husband (Colin Campbell) to his motorcycle mate (Dudley Sutton) in Director Sidney J. Furie's slice-of-life drama about an unsavory triangle.

NEVER TOO LATE. Repeating their Broadway comedy roles in what sometimes seems to be slow motion, Maureen O'Sullivan and Paul Ford are nonetheless winning as an old married pair with an unscheduled pregnancy.

KING RAT. The struggle for survival in a Japanese prison camp spells prosperity for an unscrupulous G.I. con man (George Segal) in Writer-Director Bryan Forbes's brutal drama, based on the novel by James Clavell.

REPULSION. This classic chiller by Writer-Director Roman Polanski (*Knife in the Water*) gathers images of horror from the shattered psyche of a lissome French manicurist (Catherine Deneuve) whose sexual fantasies drive her to murder.

THE HILL. Sean Connery matches wits with a sadistic sergeant major (Harry Andrews) and forcefully illustrates man's

inhumanity to man at a British Army stockade during World War II.

THE RAILROAD MAN. Director Pietro Germi (*Divorce—Italian Style*) plays the title role in his heartwarming 1956 drama about a 50-year-old train engineer whose life goes off the track.

TO DIE IN MADRID. Such passionate nonpartisanship as John Gielgud and Irene Worth supply the commentary for vintage newsreels of Spain's tragic civil war of 1936-39, shaped by French Producer-Director Frédéric Rossif into a powerful work of art.

BOOKS

Best Reading

AT PLAY IN THE FIELDS OF THE LORD, by Peter Matthiessen. A splendid novel that is a compelling parable of religious rebirth as well as a superior adventure story about a primitive South American tribe and an American soldier of fortune.

THE 12 PERCE INDIANS AND THE OPENING OF THE NORTHWEST, by Alvin M. Josephy Jr. From 1805 to 1877, Oregon's Nez Perce Indians were engaged in an epic struggle to preserve their identity: 750 of them retreated across four states until they were surrounded by U.S. troops and forced onto reservations. Author Josephy has written a big, thoroughly researched account of the trek.

THE CENTURY OF THE DETECTIVE, by Jürgen Thorwald. The author of *The Century of the Surgeon* expertly follows the fascinating history of criminology, illustrating it with a gallery of grisly crimes.

RUSSIA AND HISTORY'S TURNING POINT, by Alexander Kerenky. A personal glimpse by one of the revolution's early leaders as he lived through the events leading to the rise and fall of Russia's short-lived democratic government.

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF KATHERINE ANNE PORTER. The first complete collection of stories by the author of *Ship of Fools* confirms her standing as a master stylist but suggests that her art is often wanting in human warmth.

BLOOD ON THE DOVES, by Maude Hutchins. In this profoundly frightening novel, Maude Hutchins pulls the reader into the mad tangle of a deranged mind.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Source*, Michener (1 last week)
2. *Those Who Love*, Stone (4)
3. *Up the Down Staircase*, Kaufman (2)
4. *Airs Above the Ground*, Stewart (5)
5. *The Green Berets*, Moore (8)
6. *The Man with the Golden Gun*, Fleming (7)
7. *Hotel*, Hailey (6)
8. *The Honey Badger*, Ruark (3)
9. *The Looking Glass War*, le Carré (10)
10. *Thomas*, Mydans (9)

NONFICTION

1. Kennedy, Sorensen (1)
2. *Yes I Can*, Davis and Boyar (4)
3. *Games People Play*, Berne (3)
4. *The Making of the President, 1964*, White (2)
5. *Intern, Doctor X* (5)
6. *A Gift of Prophecy*, Montgomery (6)
7. *A Gift of Joy*, Hayes
8. *Is Paris Burning?* Collins and Lapierre (8)
9. *Waging Peace*, Eisenhower (7)
10. *My Twelve Years with John F. Kennedy*, Lincoln (10)

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The tornadoes that swept across five Midwestern states on a Sunday afternoon last April left a trail of chaos. Among the wreckage was Bell telephone equipment that served thousands of people. The community dial office in Russiaville, Indiana, for example, was almost totally destroyed.

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The tiger scores again!

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LETTERS

The Blackout

Sir: If you look at certain pictures of blacked-out New York City, you can see very plainly, hovering over the city, a flying saucer. Obviously the power failure [Nov. 19] was only a preliminary to a massive invasion by alien forces bent on destroying the human race. You must be relieved to know it wasn't Russian sabotage at all.

HAROLD F. WHITNEY

Boston

Sir: Your story, which struck me as superficial, omitted mention of the fact that the telephones were working. No doubt you are aware that telephones are powered by electricity—and Mother Bell was prepared. Similar efforts were made successfully by the radio stations. Other public utilities were found sadly wanting, including the bus system and the fraternity of New York taxi drivers, who were either unwilling to take fares or overcharged them; they deserve public contempt.

ERIC HOLZER

New York

Sir: The "brown-robed Franciscan friar" who was directing traffic was no amateur. Before joining the order, Brother Patrick O'Leary, O.F.M., was for seven years one of "New York's finest."

FR. PATRICK ADAMS, O.F.M.

St. Francis Monastery
New York City

On Death

Sir: I congratulate you on your perceptive and timely Essay "On Death as a Constant Companion" [Nov. 12]. You show that the answer of religion to doubts about death does not satisfy modern man, and that philosophy and science have done no better. I remind you of parapsychology, or psychical research, which attempts the scientific study of phenomena not yet understood by physical principles. Most research done in this field deals with extra-sensory perception, but there are also investigators, like me, who are concerned with studies that may throw light on whether or not human personality or some aspect of it survives bodily death. Whether or not the facts allow us to say that we have evidence for survival after death, as held for instance by Psychologist Gardner Murphy, they do indicate that the problem of survival is open to scientific inquiry.

W. G. ROLL

Psychical Research Foundation, Inc.
Durham, N.C.

Sir: I was born in Shanghai of missionary parents. As a boy I became interested in heaven as depicted in *Revelations*. I saw nothing jolly in harping and singing praises forever and ever. But I knew God as my friend and was sure He would provide something better and funnier for small folks to do—like sliding down waterfalls in the River of Life or letting my tree-climbing sister climb the Tree of Life. Now I am 77. My hope each evening is that I may have the bliss of falling forever into a deep, dreamless sleep. To me there is no lure in any imaginable sort of "eternal life." The greatest happiness I have ever enjoyed would fall into unspeakable boredom in vastly less than fourscore years, let alone "eternity."

J. ADDISON SMITH

Seattle

Sir: Even in an age when oversimplification often passes for understanding, your shallow condensation of Albert Camus and existentialism is remarkable. TIME has summarily dismissed one of the great yea-sayers of the 20th century.

LEROY MILLER

MARC SHELL

DAVID C. T. SHEN

Stanford, Calif.

Sir: Santayana summed it up: "There is no cure for birth and death save to enjoy the interval."

TERTIUS CHANDLER

Göteborg, Sweden

Pacifists, Vietnicks *et al.*

Sir: About TIME's story on my burning my draft card [Nov. 5]: I am quoted as saying "Destruction of a draft card poses no greater threat to national security than the destruction of a bubble-gum card." Those are not my words: they are from an American Civil Liberties Union release. And you are wrong to consider draft-card burning "a post-adolescent craze" like panty raids and telephone-booth packing. I can't deny that there is shallowness in some dissent, but it is wrong to believe that a majority of the dissenters are merely exhibitionistic. There is no threat to peace or security from me or from other protesters: the danger lies in blindness to the fact that we have something to say.

DAVID MILLER

Onondaga County Penitentiary
Jamestown, N.Y.

Sir: I have never written a letter to an editor in all my 40-odd years, but your Nov. 5 issue drove me to it. Seeing the



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photographs of our soldiers in Viet Nam and on the facing page the picture of the yellow-bellied draft-card burner is more than a mother with a 19-year-old son waiting his turn to serve his country can take.

MRS. B. MADER

Froy, N.Y.

Sir: Although I have no wish to condemn the Quakers and other pacifist groups, I think it should be pointed out that their right *not* to fight and to worship freely here in safety has been guaranteed them by religious boys and girls of other faiths who have fought and died for our country.

(MRS.) KATHRYN R. REEVES

Fullerton, Calif.

Sir: As a fellow student and friend of Norman Morrison in Edinburgh, I look upon his self-cremation as a tragedy. There is no theological or moral apology for such an act, no matter how noble the cause. The only way to accept and understand it is to realize that man is a confusion of beliefs and psychodynamics and is ever in need of the grace and goodness of God.

(THE REV.) JOHN H. VALK

Auburn, N.Y.

The Crisis in Rhodesia

Sir: As the granddaughter of a Rhodesian pioneer, I thank you for your well-balanced cover story on Rhodesia [Nov. 5]. In view of the nonsense written about Southern Africa in most of the overseas press, this article came as a welcome relief. Now that U.D.I. is an accomplished fact, I am very proud of my Rhodesian heritage. No doubt Americans felt the same when they were called traitors in 1776. But reaction from the rest of the world has us baffled out here. Rhodesia is peaceful and prosperous; why try to bring about another Congo? Apparently, no one will rest until Rhodesia has been brought to its knees.

(MRS.) A. N. JANDRELL

Cape Town, S. Africa

Election Issues

Sir: Although I consider myself a Democrat, I applaud the victory of Republican John Lindsay of New York [Nov. 12] as a tremendous victory for good, responsible government. We would be negligent indeed if we did not also applaud the citizens of New York. For the most part, they ignored considerations of party, religion, race, etc. that are all too often important in our elections. The people of our nation are slowly beginning to realize that such considerations are no longer the key issues on this rapidly shrinking planet. The people held out their hand for help, and John Lindsay took it.

GEORGE GRIFFITH

Deerfield, Ill.

Sir: Congratulations for the new dimension you have added to political reporting. J.V.L. is not only prettier, he is purer, smoother and gooder than anything else around. Thank you, *Modern Screen*.

M. FUJIMOTO

New York City

A Bead or Two of Sweat

Sir: Mr. Chin was not the first "human bomb" to be operated on successfully by American combat surgeons [Nov. 12]. During the Battle of the Coral Sea in May 1942, Navy Fire Controlman



What's the special today, Ed?

I'm having a soft-boiled egg and a cup of tea.



I thought you were a big chili man.

Please!



Off your feed, huh?

I was thinking about what happened to Fred in Accounting.



He's ok now. You could never tell he was laid up close to three months.

But how's he ever going to pay all those bills—doctors, nurses, hospital, medicine?



It doesn't seem to be worrying him.

It sure would worry me. I've got a family to think of—and I don't have that kind of dough.



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Say, I think I'll trade in this egg for a bowl of chili.



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Allen L. Gordon, aboard the battleship *South Dakota*, was struck by a 20 mm. antiaircraft shell that pierced his intestines and lodged near his left hip. He was taken to a makeshift field hospital on a South Pacific island, where the live shell was removed by three Navy doctors (of whom I was one), working around a chin-high screen of armor plate.

H. W. JACOB, M.D.

The Presbyterian Hospital
New York City

Sir: As a Red Cross orderly in Madrid during the Spanish Civil War, I was present when a badly frightened soldier was admitted to an army hospital with an eight-inch unexploded mortar shell partially embedded in his shoulder. Surgeons and demolition experts deliberated on the advisability of deactivating the shell before attempting surgical removal. In the meantime, the victim decided to take matters into his own hands, forcibly wrenched the shell from his shoulder. He tried to hand it to one of the experts, but quite suddenly he was all alone in the room. Eventually the shell was deactivated, and the soldier made a complete recovery. The rest of us have never completely recovered, however.

JOSE C. MONTERO, M.D.

Stanford University School of Medicine
Palo Alto, Calif.

Sir: In 1944, when I commanded the 29th Ordnance Bomb Disposal Squad near Portsmouth, England, I was called to a U.S. Army hospital and asked to identify an object silhouetted on X-ray plates. It was a 20-mm. shell, embedded in the chest of an American merchant seaman who had been on the deck of his ship at Omaha Beach, June 6. A surgeon cut the man open, grasped the shell with forceps and put it into my hands. There were no sandbags, though I did observe a head or two of sweat.

THOMAS A. NELSON JR.

University of Minnesota
Minneapolis

The Nurse Anesthetist

Sir: As President of the American Society of Anesthesiologists, I would like to compliment you on an excellent, informative story on anesthesiology [Nov. 5]. One statement requires clarification: "Nearly gone is the nurse-technician who dates back to the early days of ether and chloroform." This implies that nurse anesthetists today only rarely administer anesthetics. The reverse is true. About 40% of the anesthetics are given by members of the American Society of Anesthesiologists, about 45% by certified registered nurse anesthetists, and the remainder by other physicians, nurses or technicians.

JOHN J. BONICA, M.D.

Seattle

How the Soviets Live

Sir: The accomplishments of the Soviet economy mentioned by Soviet Letter Writer Ivan Romanov [Nov. 12] are impressive; yet it might be relevant to look also at some of the statistics that most closely affect the Soviet citizen's welfare. Definitive figures will become available only when the central statistical administration publishes its 1965 report next January, but it is possible to make the following estimates on the basis of the official nine-month report and recent speeches by Kozynin, Polynsky and I. T. Novikov. Within the overall volume of industrial pro-

duction, the targets for producer goods will easily be overfulfilled, while those for consumer goods (one quarter of the total) will not be met. The gross agricultural product will have grown by 7% instead of the 70% envisaged. The minimum wage was to have been increased from 27 to 35 rubles a month to 50 to 60 rubles a month; instead it has only recently been raised to 40 to 45 rubles a month (\$44.40 to \$50). Most serious for the Soviets, for whom cramped accommodation (less than 8 sq. meters of living space per capita is the urban average) and lack of privacy are the greatest physical hardships, is the fact that the seven-year plan's target for urban residential construction (650 to 660 million sq. meters) will be underfulfilled by at least 14%.

KEITH BUSH

Economist
Munich, Germany

The Ruby Trial

Sir: Your story on my book, *The Trial of Jack Ruby* [Nov. 5], was the most accurate and fair summary of the book yet published. I will no longer join those who say that *TIME* is accurate on everything I don't know about, but terrible on the things I do know.

JOHN KAPLAN
Professor of Law

Stanford University
Stanford, Calif.

Stamps for Toys

Sir: So the good ladies of the North Carolina Ku Klux Klan are saving Green Stamps for an airplane for their noble, semiliterate leader [Nov. 12]. That is sickening, particularly to us in Taos, because we collect trading stamps too—for Christmas gifts for children of poverty-stricken families. Our stamps are collected by people of three groups (Spanish-American, Indian, Anglo) for children of three groups in an area where these people have lived together cooperatively for years.

MRS. WARREN N. WARHOL

Taos, N. Mex.

A Shepherd's Cap Is Not a Yarmulka

Sir: You describe my novel, *The Stronghold*, as "mawkishly pro-Semitic" [Oct. 8]. I have heard many indignant comments from people who, as I did, found your review anti-Semitic, particularly when combined with the photo you used. The skullcap in the picture is not a yarmulka; it is a Yugoslav shepherd's cap.

MEYER LEVIN

New Rochelle, N.Y.

► *TIME* is not anti-Semitic; it is only anti-mawkish.

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Fig. 1. Diagram of the experimental setup.

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an. Laurence J. Barrett, Jr.

(iii) $\lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} \frac{1}{n} \log \left(\frac{\mu_n(\Omega)}{\mu_n(\Gamma)} \right) = 0$.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS

Julie Adams, Virginia Adams, Susan Altschek, Ruth

TABLE 2. *Staphylococcus aureus* Isolates from Patients with Prosthetic Joints

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**THE OCTAGON SPIRIT:
SOME OF US HAVE IT.
SOME DON'T (Pity!)**



Where and when does it happen that one becomes an MG addict? In the driveway of an adventurous neighbor, the MG lurking—ready, willing and able? In that very first moment you open the taps and feel the surprising surge of power, the MG fairly begging to be driven—hard? No matter. This much is certain: the urge to possess a car of the octagon marque is overpowering and long-lived. (Some devotees have coveted an MG since '48, when we started the whole sports

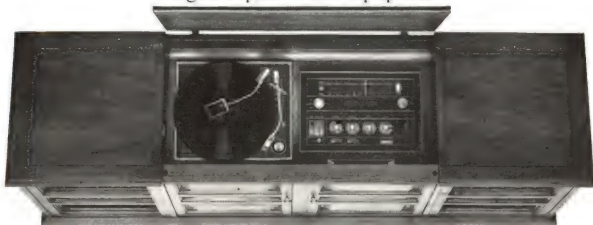
car thing over here.)

What is there about an MG that quickens the pulse and fires the blood? The race-tested 1798 c.c. engine? The firm racing suspension? The positive rack and pinion steering? The twin carburetors and four-speed stick shift? The huge non-fade disc brakes?

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But all of it is by no means all of it. (Add an envelope body of modern line—yet unmistakably MG. And engineers who know what they're about. And the hard-learned lessons of the race circuit. And above all, the fierce desire to have a real sports car under you.) If you have the octagon spirit, the latest of the breed, an MGB, is waiting to pleasure you. If you don't have it, we're dreadfully sorry.

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tial horns, and two 3" super tweeters, all front mounted in acoustically lined, closed chambers.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

November 26, 1965 Vol. 86, No. 22

THE NATION

THE WAR

Non-Offers from Hanoi

Does the Johnson Administration genuinely want a peaceful settlement in Viet Nam? The question has been asked and answered scores of times in the past year. Last week, as the U.S. 1st Air Cavalry Division battled North Vietnamese regulars in the fiercest, costliest fighting of the war (see *THE WORLD*), the issue came up again—this time with



STEVENSON & U THANT
From feeler to furor.

an implication that the Administration had summarily rejected a so-called "peace feeler" from Hanoi last year.

When Government officials denied that any "meaningful" offer had been made or refused, pundits and editorial writers all but accused Administration officials of lying; some went so far as to picture—from Washington—a nationwide "crisis of confidence" in President Johnson's policies.

Deep Recall. As in most press-fueled controversies, the facts were largely obscured by the furor. Last week's free-for-all started with an article in *Look* in which CBS Newsman Eric Sevareid described—as he had on TV last summer—a conversation that he had with Adlai Stevenson shortly before his death. In a section buried deep in the article, Sevareid recalled that Stevenson had talked of behind-the-scenes arrangements made by U.N. Secretary-General U Thant in the early fall of 1964 to have a North Vietnamese emissary and a U.S. delegate open talks in neutral Rangoon.

Stevenson is quoted as saying that "someone in Washington" had at first

said such talks would have to wait until after the presidential election, but when U Thant tried again around the first of the year, Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara "flatly opposed the attempt." U Thant was "furious," and "there can be no doubt," wrote Sevareid, "that Adlai Stevenson, who was working closely with U Thant in these attempts, was convinced that these opportunities should have been seized, whatever their ultimate result."

Rusk's Antenna. The essential facts of the story—minus Stevenson's posthumous opinions—were reported when they were first leaked to the press by U Thant early this year. Nonetheless, no sooner had Sevareid's piece appeared last week than reporters demanded more explicit details from the Administration. Secretary McNamara retorted angrily: "There is not one word of truth in the remarks made about me or the position attributed to me." White House Press Secretary Bill Moyers declined even to discuss the story, explaining: "I follow the President's advice of a long time ago, in not commenting on what dead men either said or might not have said."

Finally, State Department Spokesman Robert McCloskey admitted that the U.S. had indeed rejected U Thant's suggestions for a conference—through Secretary of State Dean Rusk, not McNamara. McCloskey's unfortunately worded comment was that "we saw nothing to indicate that Hanoi was prepared for peace talks, and the Secretary of State said he would recognize it when it came. His antenna is sensitive."

Such obfuscations naturally only whetted journalistic suspicions that the Administration had something to hide. After all, as New York Times Columnist James Reston pointed out, only last July, ten months after U Thant's intervention, President Johnson said categorically that Hanoi had not given "the slightest indication" of interest in peace negotiations. Chided Reston: "The imprecision—to use the polite diplomatic word—of the Administration's statements on this whole Vietnamese business is astonishing."

Nebulous Suggestions. Yet the press, also, was less than precise in its reconstruction of events.

U Thant had never received any "concrete" offer of peace talks from Hanoi. His only contacts with the North Vietnamese government had been through nonaligned or Communist go-betweens. U Thant had proposed the talks. Hanoi had not volunteered them. As U Thant should have known, the U.S. had already rejected similarly nebulous suggestions for peace conferences on the logical ground that there was no hint of good faith from North Viet Nam. Only a month before U Thant's offer, the President had said no to a suggestion from Charles de Gaulle that Viet Nam be neutralized and vacated by all major powers—including the U.S. and Red China. "If those who practice terror and murder and ambush will simply honor their existing agreements," the President said at the time, "there can easily be peace in Southeast Asia immediately. But we do not believe in conferences called to ratify terror."

Indeed, throughout all U Thant's maneuverings, Hanoi at no time gave any indication, directly or indirectly, that it seriously wanted to talk peace with the U.S. Not once did U.S. intelligence reports hint that the Communists would negotiate anything but the withdrawal of all U.S. troops from South Viet Nam. Hanoi had every reason to act tough in late 1964. From Saigon, where the



AIR CAVALRYMEN EVACUATING DEAD COMRADE
From weakness to strength.

shaky Khanh government was assailed on all sides, to the jungles and rice paddies where the Viet Cong were winning battle after battle—even to the Gulf of Tonkin, where North Vietnamese PT boats were harassing U.S. destroyers—it was plain that the Communists felt that victory was almost within their grasp.

Preconditioned Talks. Since then, the U.S. has notably strengthened its position—and Hanoi's intransigence has solidified. U.S. bombing of North Viet Nam began in February. The first stage of an ever-growing commitment of U.S. combat troops to South Viet Nam took place in March. In April, after everyone from French Foreign Minister Couve de Murville to Pope Paul VI had pleaded for peace talks, President Johnson made the now celebrated speech at Baltimore's Johns Hopkins University in which he declared that the U.S. Government would accept any proposal for "unconditional discussions" to end the conflict in Viet Nam.

Though it was the first time that Johnson had used those exact words, he had said many times before that the U.S. would enter into discussions at any time, given North Viet Nam's willingness "to stop what it is doing against its neighbors." Yet within a week of the Johns Hopkins speech, Hanoi proceeded to lay down four hard-edged preconditions. In addition to demanding U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam, Hanoi added the impossible stipulation that South Viet Nam would have to adhere to the "program" of the Hanoi-inspired National Liberation Front—meaning, go Communist. Even French officials, who have hardly gone out of their way to support U.S. policy on Viet Nam, last week volunteered that Hanoi's "feeler" in May "could not be regarded as a valid offer of negotiation."

Eroding Resolve. If the U.S. does get to the point of negotiating peace in Viet Nam, Red China will probably call the shots, as it did for two years during the negotiations before the Korean cease-fire. The Communists are unlikely to seek a truce until they despair of military victory. And then, as Army Chief of Staff Harold Johnson pointed out last month in recalling the Korean experience, they would do their best to use negotiations to erode American resolve until finally the U.S. might accept peace on virtually any terms.

In fact, given Hanoi's intransigence, many of the Administration's top officials now reason that the war in Viet Nam may never reach the conference table. The struggle, they speculate, may go on until the Communists simply retreat in undeclared surrender—leaving U.S. and South Vietnamese troops in control of the land. However, if the day should ever come when the Communists decide that negotiations are to their advantage, the U.S. can be certain of one thing. The message will come through loud, clear and direct from Hanoi to Washington.

THE NEW DEAL

Man with a Hoe

From the hospital bed where he lay dying last month, Henry Wallace wrote a last letter to a 16-year-old grandson in Colorado. "I like your appreciation of the mountains," he said. "They are made for your nose and my nose, for your eyes and my eyes. There are so many new experiences in life. Life is a serious thing for some people, but it can also be joyous if lived with common sense."

Henry Agard Wallace's life was not a singularly joyous one. Nor, despite exceptional intelligence and roots planted deep in Iowa soil, had it always been governed by common sense. Yet when



AGRICULTURE SECRETARY (1936)
A feeling for Hottentots.

the former Vice President died in a Danbury, Conn., hospital last week at 77, consumed by a rare, wasting neuromuscular ailment known as amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, his ideas and ideals had long since been woven into American life, his grand illusions all but forgotten. In the 17 years since he campaigned for the presidency as a candidate and captive of the Communist-dominated Progressive Party, Wallace had retreated into obscurity so all-enfolding that few Americans were aware that one of the most controversial figures of their time had been suffering from an incurable disease for more than a year.

Strawberries for Cash. In appearance and manner, Wallace was the prototypical Midwesterner. From the rebellious shock of hair to the scuffed shoes, he looked like the perennial farm boy. Yet behind the craggy, Scotch-Irish face and diffident blue eyes lurked a bewildering blend of intellectual acumen and messianic wrongheadedness.

He was a brilliant plant geneticist

whose hybridizations left his fellow Americans with infinitely improved strains of corn, juicier, harder strawberries, and hens that would lay more eggs on less feed. Only last March he was in the Dominican Republic trying to introduce strawberries as a badly needed cash crop.

From God to Government. Midwestern farmers still shake their heads over his program to raise hog prices by killing off millions of piglets. His later proposal to export farm surpluses to needy countries earned the derisive label of "milk for Hottentots." Nonetheless, Wallace had a profound understanding of farm economics at a time when U.S. agriculture was widely regarded as God's concern, not the Government's.

As a passionate humanitarian and New Dealer, Wallace initiated many radical policies that have long since been accepted as routine functions of Government: distribution of surplus food to the needy, price supports for key crops, production controls, federal management of U.S. agriculture. Many of his phrases ("the ever-normal granary," "the century of the common man") entered the language, as his agricultural schemes left their imprint on the land.

Sonic Barriers. Largely as a result of Wallace's advocacy, the "farm problem" of today is vastly different from the cruel paradox of the Depression, when farmers went broke amid bounteous production. Today, despite ever more plentiful crops, the efficient farmer is assured of a decent living, contributes his buying power to the economy and his output to the hungry of the world. He may be part of a "permanently subsidized peasantry," as Charles Shuman, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, insists, but he stands tall on his land.

To many of his generation, Henry Wallace was the Paul Bunyan of his age. Thomas ("Tommy the Cork") Corcoran, a fellow New Dealer, said: "Every time you ride or fly over this country and see the condition of the land—the plowed contours, the bulging granaries, the neat, productive look—you think of Henry Wallace. He saved the land and then made it possible for this nation to feed the whole world."

Yet—though he shunned liquor and tobacco—Wallace sounded at times as if his visions were hashish-fed. "At a certain point," wrote Arthur Schlesinger Jr. in *The Coming of the New Deal*, "his mind seemed almost to break through a sonic barrier and transform itself so that hardheaded analysis passed imperceptibly into rhapsodic mysticism." A Presbyterian, he flirted with an exotic cult led by a White Russian charlatan, served as an acolyte in the Episcopal Church and bombarded Roosevelt with allegorically couched advice on foreign policy. And, despite his closeness to the land and his concern for those who live by it, even overcoming his early abhorrence of Communism, Wallace came to defend Stalin's

brutal collectivization of Soviet agriculture as a great humanitarian venture.

Out-Husking Willie. Republican by inheritance and initial choice, Wallace was the son of Henry C. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture under Harding and Coolidge, ran the prosperous family weekly *Wallace's Farmer* (motto: "Good Farming, Clear Thinking, Right Living") and the *Hi-Bred* (a play on hybrid) Corn Co. Believing, correctly, that the farm depression would drag down the entire economy, he later enlisted in Franklin D. Roosevelt's first brain trust. Wallace wrote F.D.R.'s farm plank in 1932. Then he assumed the herculean task of implementing it as Agriculture Secretary during the first two Roosevelt administrations.

In 1940, as war approached and Wallace outgrew an instinctive isolationism, Roosevelt—who was anxious in any case to dump curmudgeonly old John Nance Garner as his two-term Vice President—chose his Agriculture Secretary for the vice-presidential nomination. To party strategists, Henry Wallace was the only man who could out-husk Wendell Willkie in the corn belt—and they were right. As Vice President, he headed the wartime Board of Economic Warfare, traveled to Russia, China (where he taught peasants how to use hoes Western-style) and other Allied countries, participated from the beginning in the development of the atom bomb. But he also made many important enemies within the Democratic Party, especially among Southerners and big-city bosses. They prevailed on Roosevelt in 1944 to let the convention drop Wallace in favor of Harry Truman. Wallace became Secretary of Commerce in 1945, and soon proved how right, or how lucky, the Democratic chiefs had been.

Pravda's Favorite. Wallace, who had little rapport with Truman, clung to his practice of speaking out on foreign affairs. As the shadow of Soviet imperialism lengthened over Europe, he advocated a conciliatory line toward the nation's wartime ally. On Sept. 12, 1946, he made a celebrated speech condemning the Administration's hardening attitude toward the Soviets at the very moment that the U.S. was sparring with Stalin over Europe's post-war boundaries. Infuriated by Wallace's intrusion, which suggested that the U.S. was disunited on the Cold War issues he was negotiating, Secretary of State James Byrnes protested loudly from Paris. Though Truman had been given a copy of the speech in advance, he fired Wallace.

In 1948, after a stint as editor of the *New Republic*, Wallace was wooed and waylaid by the hard-eyed opportunists of the Progressive Party. Though never a Communist himself, he accepted Communist help, he said, because "I will not repudiate any support which comes to me on the basis of interest in peace." But from the start of the campaign it was plain that the Progressive leadership was interested solely in exploiting

Wallace's popular appeal. They had a willing figurehead. As Wallace stormed across the land, condemning the Marshall Plan, aid to Greece and Turkey, and U.S. resistance to Soviet pressure on Berlin, he became Pravda's favorite American. Wallace won only 1,157,000 votes out of 49 million, trailed Harry Truman, Thomas Dewey and Strom Thurmond. He carried not a single state.

Prophets' Dream. Wallace finally bowed to reality in 1950, when the Communists invaded South Korea. He broke with the Progressive Party, advised the U.S. to rearm "as fast as possible," and became "convinced that Russia is out to dominate the world." In the years of cold war and domestic affluence, he became a forgotten figure. He spent his last years on his 115-acre experimental farm, Farvue, in New York's Westchester County, rising at 4 a.m. each

"deliberation, discussion, and a great deal of thinking and study."

One public appointment that Johnson was determined to keep, however, was a speech before more than 200 delegates to a two-day White House Conference on Civil Rights. "In numberless ways this Administration is acting and not just talking," he declared, adding: "We must do more—we will do more." An immediate goal, he said, is legislation to end "injustices to Negroes at the hands of all-white juries." For the jury is "the cornerstone of our system of justice. If its composition is a sham, its judgment is a shame. And when that happens, justice itself is a fraud, casting off the blindfold and tipping the scales one way for whites and another way for Negroes."

The President also presided over a half-hour Cabinet meeting, heard re-



ROOSEVELT, TRUMAN & WALLACE AFTER 1944 ELECTION
A bewildering blend of acumen and grand delusion.

day to work with his plants and to write.

Mellowed in retirement, he quietly accepted an invitation to John Kennedy's inauguration, though he had supported Richard Nixon in the election. One thought he kept with him from the ill-fated 1948 campaign. "The American dream," he said then, "is a dream of the prophets of old—the dream of each man living in peace under his own vine and fig tree." It was a dream that Henry Wallace helped fulfill for every American who lives by the soil.

THE PRESIDENCY

Brief Visit

It was largely the party for Britain's Princess Margaret (see Social Notes) that brought President Johnson back to Washington last week. But he did not stay long, spent most of the time at his desk. Press Secretary Bill Moyers explained that until year's end the President would keep his public appointments "to the absolute minimum necessary," husbanding his energies for

ports on Viet Nam and the economy's continued buoyancy, conferred with aides on the 1966 budget and State of the Union messages. But Texas was beckoning, and after only five days in the capital he was back at the ranch, there to stay, quite possibly, through Christmas.

The Great Society Begins at Home

During his present sojourn on the LBJ Ranch, the President will see a sliver of the Great Society take root in his own backyard. The fortnight-old Department of Housing and Urban Development, for which Lyndon strove mightily on Capitol Hill in 1965, was sufficiently organized last week to put out Press Release No. 1. Issued by the Public Housing Administration, one of the agencies consolidated in the new department, the handout announced a \$648,782 federal loan for a low-rent, 50-unit development in Johnson City, Texas (pop. 625).

Challenge to

With an eye to thousands of Spanish-speaking Puerto Ricans in New York City who are disenfranchised by a 44-year-old law requiring literacy in English, New York spring pigment the Robert Kennedy shirttail amending Rights Act. Labeled Section 4(e), it provided that no U.S. citizen could be denied the vote through a literacy test if he could prove he had a high-grade education in any "American" school—including the Spanish-language schools in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, where residents have elected their own Governor and Legislature.

As a result of Section 4(e), some 8,000 Spanish-speaking Puerto Ricans registered to vote for the first time in the Nov. 2 election. Last week, however, a three-judge Federal District Court in Washington ruled that the amendment was unconstitutional. A suit challenging the amendment was filed under Article III of the Constitution. Congress had no authority to impose laws governing voting qualifications in any state. Government attorneys had argued that New York violated the 14th Amendment's "protection" clause by disenfranchising Puerto Rican voters, pointing out that Congress acted years ago to create a separate cultural autonomy in Puerto Rico by allowing Spanish to be the primary language in school.

The majority decision, written by Judge Alexander Holtzoff, 79, said that the 14th Amendment was beside the point, declared that Section 4(e) "transgresses the powers granted to Congress and, therefore, is repugnant to the Constitution and invalid." The "appropriate remedy," said the court, would be an amendment to the constitution of the State of New York. Instead, the Justice Department planned to appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court, where a hearing on the full Voting Rights Act is scheduled on Jan. 17, as the result of an earlier suit.

Up from the underground

Thanks to free institutions it would destroy. The Communist Party of the U.S. has succeeded in all efforts to legislate its way to death. Last week the Supreme Court gave the party another energetic burst of legal oxygen.

In a unanimous decision, the court prohibited the Government from compelling individuals to register with the Communist Party as stipulated by the Subversive Activities Control (McCarran) Act of 1950. "In an area permeated with criminal statutes," maintained Justice William J. Brennan Jr., in his opinion, the Government is free to incriminate himself. The Government's right to sue is not limited by the Fifth Amendment.

No Volunteer. Two Communist activists were involved in the latest ruling, but its practice is to end litigation

against 41 other party members who have refused to register. In 15 years, the five-member board established by the McCarran Act has failed to get a single Communist or crypto-Communist organization or individual registered. As Harry Truman said of the bill, which passed over his veto: "The idea of requiring Communist organizations to divulge information about themselves is a simple and attractive one. But it is about as practical as requiring thieves to register with the sheriff."

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organization to register as the agent of a hostile foreign power. In 1961, by a 5-to-4 decision, the Supreme Court upheld the Government's argument in principle—though without any definitive finding on the constitutional factors—and the case went back to lower courts.

By coincidence, news of the Supreme Court's decision on individual registration came while the Government was again seeking to enforce the provision on collective registration in Federal District Court two blocks away. The Communist defense in this case had also relied heavily on the Fifth Amendment. The Government produced two witnesses who testified that, as party members, they were willing to register on behalf of the party, in effect waiving the Fifth Amendment. Both were

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paid FBI informers. At week's end the jury brought in a guilty verdict. Judge William B. Jones imposed a fine of \$230,000—the maximum possible—and the Communists said that they would appeal.

No Outcry. Gus Hall, the party's top functionary, hailed the Supreme Court's decision as "a blow against the longest legal vendetta in American history." He said that the party would resume full-scale political activity, call a national convention, issue a manifesto for the first time since 1950, and run candidates for Congress next year. However, with hollow coffers and a membership estimated at less than 10,000, down from an all-time peak of 80,000 in 1944, the party is too feeble to make meaningful use of its reprieve.

Indeed, the most revealing aspect of last week's decision was that it stirred virtually no outcry. Senator James Eastland of Mississippi, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, made a *pro forma* statement about the need for new legislation to guard against subversion. But in the U.S. today—twelve years after Stalin's death, eight since Senator Joseph McCarthy's demise—there is little public or congressional demand for more anti-Communist legislation along the lines of the ill-fated McCarran Act.

DEMOCRATS

Long's Two Hats

At 47, Louisiana's Democratic Senator Russell Long has been in the U.S. Senate for 17 years, and seems assured of remaining there as long as he wants the job. As Democratic whip, he is Mike Mansfield's heir apparent to the Senate's majority leadership. In addition, with the resignation of Virginia Democrat Harry Byrd (TIME, Nov. 19), Long, the ranking Democrat on Byrd's powerful Senate Finance Committee, will automatically become committee chairman when Congress reconvenes in January. Seldom in Senate history has one man held two such pivotal posts, and there were hints last week that fellow Senators will try to relieve him of one, probably the whip's job.

So far, the only Senator to suggest publicly that Long step down as whip has been Arizona's Carl Hayden. Long was not about to take the hint. In Baton Rouge last week, he threw down the gauntlet. "If they don't want me to do it," he said, "they'll have to fire me."

That could be difficult. Long has staunch supporters in the Senate, an admirer in Lyndon Johnson, and the family stomach for infighting—as he showed last January when he defeated Rhode Island's John Pastore and Oklahoma's Mike Monroney for the whip's job. This time around, Pastore, at least, has declared himself out of the running. Said he: "I see no reason why Long should not continue as whip along with his other committee assignments. So far as the whip's office is concerned, I was lukewarm to it last year, and today I am absolutely frigid."



CHARLES SCHMID



JOHN SAUNDERS

CRIME

Secrets in the Sand

To the bored, vacant-eyed teen-agers who hang out at the drive-ins and juke joints along Tucson's East Speedway Boulevard, Charles Howard Schmid Jr., 23, was known as a swinger. A well-muscled onetime state high-school gymnastics champion, Smitty always had wheels, money, tall tales and an inexhaustible supply of available girls' phone numbers.

Schmid went to bizarre lengths to build his image. He added 3 in. to his meager (5 ft. 3 in.) frame by stuffing rags and folded tin cans into his black leather boots. He dyed his hair raven black, wore pancake makeup, pale cream lipstick and mascara. As for the cash, which he got in a generous weekly dole from his mother, Schmid bragged to the boys that it came from smuggling cars into Mexico, to the girls that it came from women whom he had taught "100 ways to make love."

Skeleton Search. Last week, because of his pathological penchant for braggadocio, Schmid was in jail, charged with the murders of two daughters of a Tucson surgeon. Along with two friends—one a 19-year-old girl—he was also accused of murdering a third girl. Police, who had found the two sisters' skeletons on the desert, last week were still searching for the third.

The murders came to light when Richard Bruns, 19, told police that



MARY FRENCH AIDS SEARCH FOR THIRD VICTIM'S BODY
Telling would just have made it tough.

Schmid had shown him a grave in the desert outside Tucson in June 1964, a month after 15-year-old Alleen Rowe disappeared from her home. Last August, said Bruns, a few days after Gretchen Fritz, 17, and her sister Wendy, 13, had failed to return home from a drive-in movie, Schmid took him out on the desert again, showed him the Fritz girls' corpses—only one was even partially buried—and boasted that he had killed them. Acting on Bruns' story, Tucson police rounded up John Saunders, a 19-year-old high-school dropout who had moved to Connecticut, and Mary French, another 19-year-old dropout who was living with her family in Texas, brought them back and got their grisly stories.

Drive in the Desert. According to their statements, Schmid, who was dating Mary French, and Saunders were at Mary's house the night of May 31, 1964, when Schmid idly wondered if they could kill someone and get away with it. He suggested Alleen, a bright, pretty student who had once stood Saunders up for a date; the others agreed. Mary French persuaded the girl to go for a drive with them. She was taken about five miles into the desert, where Schmid and Saunders walked her down to a dry stream bed and hit her on the head with rocks until she died. Then, Mary related, Schmid walked back to the car, got a shovel from the trunk, and told her to follow him. She did, found Alleen face down and bleeding, and helped bury her.

Next day Mrs. Norma Rowe reported her daughter missing, gave po-

lice the names of Schmid, Saunders and Mary French as possible sources of information. The three were questioned repeatedly, but police finally became convinced that Alleen had simply run away from home—a not uncommon occurrence among teen-agers in Tucson's fast-growing, mobile society where few families stay long enough to put down roots.

The Silent Set. When the Fritz sisters dropped out of sight, the police figured they were runaways also, even got reports they were in Mexico. Not until Bruns told his gruesome story did they suspect foul play. As for Schmid, since his arrest he has, for once, had nothing to say.

Almost as fantastic as the murders themselves was the disclosure that at least 30 teen-agers, all friends of Schmid's, had apparently heard him brag about the crimes—and said nothing. Confided one 16-year-old coed at Tucson's Palo Verde high school: "A lot of people knew, but it was already too late. Telling would just have made it tough on everyone."

Chicago on the Charles

If Lowells were still talking to Cabots, they were probably discussing the topic that dominated just about every other conversation in Boston. The subject was gang warfare, which last week claimed three more lives, for a total of 28 plain and fancy killings since March 1964.

Many of the Chicago-style murders stemmed from a feud between rival



ALLEEN ROWE



GRETCHEN FRITZ



WENDY FRITZ

THE COURTS

Challenge to 4(e)

With an eye to tens of thousands of Spanish-speaking Puerto Ricans in New York City who were disenfranchised by a 44-year-old state law requiring that voters demonstrate literacy in English, New York Senator Robert Kennedy last spring pinned a shirtilaw amendment on the 1965 Voting Rights Act. Labeled Section 4(e), it provided that no U.S. citizen could be denied the vote through a literacy test if he could prove he had a sixth-grade education in any "American flag school"—including the Spanish-language schools in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, where residents have long elected their own Governor and legislature.

As a result of Section 4(e), some 8,000 Spanish-speaking Puerto Ricans registered to vote for the first time in the Nov. 2 elections. Last week, however, a three-judge Federal District Court in Washington ruled that the amendment was unconstitutional. A suit challenging the section claimed that, under Article I of the Constitution, Congress had no right to impose laws governing voter qualifications in any state. Government attorneys had argued that New York violated the 14th Amendment's "equal protection" clause by disenfranchising Puerto Rican voters, pointing out that Congress acted years ago to encourage cultural autonomy in Puerto Rico by allowing Spanish to be the primary language in school.

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CRIME

Secrets in the Sand

To the bored, vacant-eyed teen-agers who hang out at the drive-ins and juke joints along Tucson's East Speedway Boulevard, Charles Howard Schmid Jr., 23, was known as a swinger. A well-muscled onetime state high-school gymnastics champion, Smitty always had wheels, money, tall tales and an inexhaustible supply of available girls' phone numbers.

Schmid went to bizarre lengths to build his image. He added 3 in. to his meager (5 ft. 3 in.) frame by stuffing rags and folded tin cans into his black leather boots. He dyed his hair raven black, wore pancake makeup, pale cream lipstick and mascara. As for the cash, which he got in a generous weekly dole from his mother, Schmid bragged to the boys that it came from smuggling cars into Mexico, to the girls that it came from women whom he had taught "100 ways to make love."

Skeleton Search. Last week, because of his pathological penchant for braggadocio, Schmid was in jail, charged with the murders of two daughters of a Tucson surgeon. Along with two friends—one a 19-year-old girl—he was also accused of murdering a third girl. Police, who had found the two sisters' skeletons on the desert, last week were still searching for the third.

The murders came to light when Richard Bruns, 19, told police that



MARY FRENCH AIDS SEARCH FOR THIRD VICTIM'S BODY
Telling would just have made it tough.

Schmid had shown him a grave in the desert outside Tucson in June 1964, a month after 15-year-old Alleen Rowe disappeared from her home. Last August, said Bruns, a few days after Gretchen Fritz, 17, and her sister Wendy, 13, had failed to return home from a drive-in movie, Schmid took him out on the desert again, showed him the Fritz girls' corpses—only one was even partially buried—and boasted that he had killed them. Acting on Bruns' story, Tucson police rounded up John Saunders, a 19-year-old high-school dropout who had moved to Connecticut, and Mary French, another 19-year-old dropout who was living with her family in Texas, brought them back and got their grisly stories.

Drive in the Desert. According to their statements, Schmid, who was dating Mary French, and Saunders were at Mary's house the night of May 31, 1964, when Schmid idly wondered if they could kill someone and get away with it. He suggested Alleen, a bright, pretty student who had once stood Saunders up for a date; the others agreed. Mary French persuaded the girl to go for a drive with them. She was taken about five miles into the desert, where Schmid and Saunders walked her down to a dry stream bed and hit her on the head with rocks until she died. Then, Mary related, Schmid walked back to the car, got a shovel from the trunk, and told her to follow him. She did, found Alleen face down and bleeding, and helped bury her.

Next day Mrs. Norma Rowe reported her daughter missing, gave po-

lice the names of Schmid, Saunders and Mary French as possible sources of information. The three were questioned repeatedly, but police finally became convinced that Alleen had simply run away from home—a not uncommon occurrence among teen-agers in Tucson's fast-growing, mobile society where few families stay long enough to put down roots.

The Silent Set. When the Fritz sisters dropped out of sight, the police figured they were runaways also, even got reports they were in Mexico. Not until Bruns told his gruesome story did they suspect foul play. As for Schmid, since his arrest he has, for once, had nothing to say.

Almost as fantastic as the murders themselves was the disclosure that at least 30 teen-agers, all friends of Schmid's, had apparently heard him brag about the crimes—and said nothing. Confided one 16-year-old coed at Tucson's Palo Verde high school: "A lot of people knew, but it was already too late. Telling would just have made it tough on everyone."

Chicago on the Charles

If Lowells were still talking to Cabots, they were probably discussing the topic that dominated just about every other conversation in Boston. The subject was gang warfare, which last week claimed three more lives, for a total of 28 plain and fancy killings since March 1964.

Many of the Chicago-style murders stemmed from a feud between rival



ALLEEN ROWE



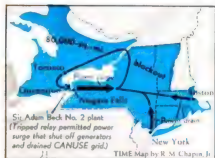
GRETCHEN FRITZ



WENDY FRITZ

hands of hoodlums—one headed by Brothers George, Bernie and Edward McLaughlin of suburban Charlestown, the other by James ("Buddy") McLean and his pals from nearby Somerville. By last week, Bernie and Edward McLaughlin and Buddy McLean were dead, mowed down by unknown assassins; George McLaughlin was in death row at Walpole State Prison on a murder rap; bodies were still falling.

The latest victims were an ex-con, a bartender, and a box-factory worker. No one could tell why the ex-con or the bartender had been killed. But John B. O'Neil, 26, a Navy veteran and father of four, was innocently sipping a beer at the bar when two gunmen entered and cut down the bartender. As a memento, they also pumped five shots into O'Neil.



INVESTIGATIONS

The Backlash from Q-29BW

At the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission operations center in suburban Toronto, a technician twisted a control handle to the right to raise the voltage. In the next three seconds, the \$265 million 16-turbine Sir Adam Beck Generating Station No. 2 (see map) sent 1,600,000 kw. of power careering out of control through 80,000 sq. mi. of the northeastern U.S. and Canada. Thus, at 5:16 p.m. on Black Tuesday, began history's biggest power failure (TIME cover, Nov. 19).

It was no fault of the technician. The disruption began, Ontario Hydro explained last week, when a backup relay—a breadbox-size fuse—blew on power line Q-29BW after Ontario had been requested by Syracuse to up the voltage. The blowout disconnected the line from service; when Q-29BW's load transferred automatically to four other trunk lines running westward out of Beck, they were knocked out as well. With no place to go, the peak-hour power buildup reversed its flow, cascaded eastward through two 230,000-volt tie lines across Niagara Gorge. In a wave that lasted only five-sixths of a second, the wild wattage surged into New York State, knocking out the Niagara Falls-Massena main line three seconds later. The collapse of the Lake Ontario loop pulled to the rescue a massive 1,500,000 kw. from New York City's

power from New England members of CANUSE, the vast power grid serving northeastern America. Within minutes their systems also went dead.

Why? Ontario Hydro officials said that they could find no mechanical defect in Q-29BW's backup fuse. Then why did it blow? The question created a behind-the-scenes divergence between U.S. and Canadian power experts. Privately, American officials expressed doubts about the design of the backup relay system in service at the Beck plant. But Ontario Hydro officials claimed that its protective safeguards were comparable to those in use on U.S. high-voltage lines. Robert H. Hillery, Ontario Hydro's operations director, insisted that the disconnect-setting of Beck's backup fuses "was well above the load we were carrying." Hillery conceded nonetheless: "We'll need some different kind of relay—something more selective than we've had."

Power experts were still at odds over ways of preventing a single malfunction from pulling down an entire grid. Though FPC Chairman Joseph Swidler was preparing a report for President Johnson, final recommendations will take more intensive studies. Meanwhile, there were signs that Congress will be asked to tighten FPC's police powers. Next week a special House Commerce subcommittee investigating the blackout will hold its first meeting in Washington.

Insurance for Future. One incontrovertible lesson imparted by the blackout was that more independent auxiliary power units are needed for use in such emergencies. The Federal Aviation Agency rushed four backup generators from an Oklahoma City warehouse to New York City's airports, where the runways were out of commission during the critical hours. Simultaneously, the FAA fired off telegrams to the nation's 25 major airports requesting them to specify what standby equipment they need to ensure continued operation. In New York City, 13 hospitals made plans to purchase emergency power units; two of the hospitals had already earmarked nearly \$4,000,000 for the purpose.

Elsewhere throughout the blackout area, police and fire stations, office buildings, stores—and not a few of its 30 million individual inhabitants—were spending untold thousands of dollars for auxiliary equipment ranging from generators to flashlights. They may well have to use them.

\$59 to Tragedy

The history of maritime safety laws is a catalogue of disasters. The first international code came in 1914, two years after the sinking of the *Titanic*; the latest in 1960, four years after the loss of the *Andrea Doria*. The U.S., which has the world's most stringent regulations, adopted them only after the *Morro Castle* burned and sank off New Jersey in 1934. As a sequel to the fiery death this month of the cruise ship



CAPTAIN VOUTSINAS
When it rained, it leaked.

Yarmouth Castle, shipowners may well be forced to comply with more meaningful safety standards.

Three Flags. The need is plain enough. The *Yarmouth Castle* was one of half a dozen ships, all aging, all under foreign flags, that carry American tourists on cruises to the West Indies, charging as little as \$59 for the round-trip run from Miami to Nassau. Launched in 1927, she has flown U.S., Liberian and Panamanian flags, was registered in Panama when she went down. Thus, though long past the retirement age for U.S. passenger ships, generally kept in service no more than 20 years, she was required under international law to meet only the lax safety standards in force when she was built. Twice last year she broke down before sailing, leaving hundreds of passengers on the pier. On each of the four trips she completed, according to former Operator John F. Smith Jr., she was more than 15 hours late, ran out of water and short of fuel—and leaked whenever it rained.

Six weeks before the fire, her new owner, Canadian Jules Sokoloff, put the *Castle* in a Tampa drydock, spent \$278,000 on repairs to her keel, promenade deck and railings, replaced a propeller and some machinery. The Coast Guard examined her in drydock, three weeks later held a dockside fire and lifeboat drill. About all that could be said for the ship was said by Captain Vitus G. Niebergall, Coast Guard safety inspector: "International convention allows one half-hour to get lifeboats into the water. This boat got its lifeboats into the water in eight minutes." When she caught fire, by contrast, half of the *Castle's* 14 lifeboats and most of her life rafts never got into the water.

Missing Skipper. As for passengers' charges that Captain Byron Voutsinas, the *Castle's* 33-year-old Greek skipper, disappeared after the order to abandon ship, the skipper explained that the flames had cut him off from the stern of the ship, where most passengers were huddled. So, said Voutsinas, he climbed into a lifeboat intending to reboard her astern, but decided instead to carry injured passengers in the boat to the res-

cue ship *Finnpulp*. Another reason for accompanying them, his lawyer maintained, was to ask the *Finnpulp* to radio an S O S to other ships—which the Finnish freighter had already done. Many crewmen accused their captain of deserting them, but Voutsinas vowed that he had returned, directed the rescue and had been the last to leave the *Castle*, his first passenger command. "It was the best ship I ever served on," he insisted. "It was in perfect condition."

Nonetheless, 87 persons died on the burning vessel. How and why may never be known, though a Coast Guard inquiry was expected this week. As always, passengers had a hundred conflicting stories. While many had high praise for the crew, the captain of the *Finnpulp* said that he had turned back the first lifeboat because it was loaded with seamen, ordered it to return to pick up passengers. Voutsinas blandly accounted for the remarkable survival of his crew—only two of 174 died—by explaining that they were "young and well trained, and many of the passengers were elderly."

Calculated Risk. Some facts were all too clear. Unlike modern U.S. ships, which contain almost no wood, the *Yarmouth Castle* was loaded with inflammable paneling and furniture. The fire, which apparently started three decks down amidships, gutted the passenger quarters with satanic speed. Passengers had not been given a single lifeboat drill or even told where their life jackets were stored.

U.S. maritime unions, which have been trying for years to get Congress to apply tight laws to foreign cruise ships that cater to Americans, claimed that if the *Yarmouth Castle* had flown the

U.S. flag, she would never have left dock in Miami. A former skipper of the ship, Andrea Amatruda, 43, was even more blunt. Anyone booking passage on the *Yarmouth Castle*, he declared, was taking a "calculated risk." Unconcerned, passengers in Miami last week continued to troop aboard other equally ancient cruise ships for Nassau.

SOCIAL NOTES

The Meg & Tony Show

"My ducky, we musn't be late!" she exclaimed. Husband Tony was clearly of a mind to linger among the Smithsonian Institution's automotive relics. But Royalty Is Always Punctual. So off stepped Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon to yet another stop in last week's Washington-to-Manhattan round of receptions, rubberneck tours, shopping expeditions, luncheons, cocktail parties, teas, dinner dances and dinners without dances. Though their digestions may have suffered, their smiles were undimmed, the lips stiff and upper throatwood.

They started the week in Washington with a reception attended by 1,200 members of the National Press Club and the Women's National Press Club. Meg and Tony did most of the asking. When a girl reporter told Meg that she worked for a national chain, the Princess caught on at once: "Dotted hiher and yon, eh?" One chap answered Tony's query by saying he was retired. "I'm retired too," said Quondam Photographer Armstrong-Jones—though in fact he still moonlights camera assignments. Tony interrogated every press photographer he could buttonhole about equipment and technique, and lost no opportunity to mention a new book on British artists that includes 370 of his photographs. Only once did Meg make an overt concession to fatigue. After 15 minutes in one Washington reception line, she sat down for the balance of the receiving. "My feet," she explained. "I take my shoes off at home."

Nick's Place. Washington's shoes-off set got its chance to meet the royal couple at a soiree in the home of Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach and Wife Lydia. Since it was billed as an opportunity for the visitors to meet Washington's "young, gay, amusing people," Washington swingers who did not make the guest list consoled themselves with the fact that the 60 invited live wires included such sobersides as Robert McNamara and McGeorge Bundy. Lydia gave the Snowdons an album containing pictures of all the guests as babies. For Tony alone there was a knee-length sweater festooned with bow ties.

The next night Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson kept up with the Katzenbachs by inviting 140 of the "most important" to dinner and dancing at the White House. Lyndon set the tone of the evening with some advice to Tony that was not exactly news to the Princess' husband. "I have learned," the



AT WALDORF WITH TONY
The best partner.

President said on his 31st wedding anniversary, "that only two things are necessary to keep one's wife happy. First, let her think she is having her own way. And second, let her have it." Whereupon the tall Texan paired with the little (5 ft. 1 in.) Princess and Tony led Lady Bird as the band played *Everything's Coming Up Roses*. Nearly everyone danced with Meg. Tony danced most of the numbers, including the discotheque type meant for the Luci-Lynda generation. Hubert Humphrey, naturally, did the Charleston.

Boycott. In New York for the last six days of their U.S. trip, the Snowdons finally attended a reception where some of the guests were anxious not to meet them. At a lunch in the United Nations, several dozen African delegates boycotted the royal couple to protest Britain's failure to block Rhodesia's grab for independence. At a Waldorf-Astoria banquet that night, the Americans celebrated their own independence. When the orchestra struck up *God Save the Queen*, the crowd obliged by singing *My Country, 'Tis of Thee*.

Royal troupers are injured to such gaffes—and Meg and Tony at least seemed to enjoy most Yankee *faux pas*. Throughout her first visit to the U.S., the Princess impressed Americans as an attractive and dignified but eminently human woman, with none of the petulance attributed to her by the British press. Tony, following royal tradition—if not Lyndon's advice—gracefully yielded center stage to Margaret without submerging his own chipper, unaffected personality. As they neared the end of their stay, Meg warned that they had enjoyed the trip "oh, so terribly much" that the U.S. would be "hard put to keep us out" in the future. Which was wiser than many of her ancestors' comments on the Yanks.



AT WHITE HOUSE WITH LYNDON
The best party.

THE KENNEDY LEGEND & THE JOHNSON PERFORMANCE

IN his memoirs of John F. Kennedy's *Thousand Days*, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. recalls how his historian father early in 1962 asked Kennedy, among others, to rate previous U.S. Presidents on a scale ranging from "great" to "failure." It was the sort of thing that fascinated Jack Kennedy, and he started to fill out the form, then decided against it, replying: "A year ago I would have responded with confidence, but now I am not so sure." When the results of the survey were published, Kennedy was pleased that Truman ranked among the "near great," amused that Eisenhower stood near the bottom of the "average" class. He was also surprised at Woodrow Wilson's high rating—fourth on the list, and "great." He remarked that Wilson, "though a great speaker and writer, failed in a number of his objectives." And he wondered about Theodore Roosevelt's "near great" standing. After all, said Kennedy, Teddy "really got very little important legislation through Congress."

It is strange, and somehow sad, that Jack Kennedy should have set such standards. For his own credentials to presidential greatness certainly do not rest on success in achieving his objectives or in getting significant legislation through Congress. By his own terms, Kennedy's marked successes can be counted all too quickly: the Cuba missile confrontation, the nuclear test ban treaty, the Trade Expansion Act of 1962, the Peace Corps. No one, of course, can say what he might have accomplished had he lived out his first term and been re-elected to a second. As it is, Kennedy's biggest achievement lies in the spirit of youth and energy, excitement and excellence that he breathed into the world's most powerful political office. If he became a legend in life and even more so in death, there was reason for it. By his vast expectations and fierce demands, by his personal life and his consummate style, he brought millions, both at home and abroad, into an unprecedented sense of communion with the U.S. presidency.

Magic & Effectiveness

To Kennedy's successor it may sometimes seem unjust that he himself is so often measured less by Kennedy's own standards of performance than by the imponderables of the Kennedy legend. Historians may some day rank both Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson as "great"; yet it is ironic that Kennedy, who by his own admission wanted to be remembered for getting things done, may instead have made his mark by the magic force of personality, while Johnson, who would love to be admired for himself, may be remembered as a President who was merely stunningly effective.

Kennedy started or foreshadowed Johnson's program, including the tax cut, the war on poverty, Medicare, federal aid to education, the civil rights bill. It can also be argued that Johnson won the huge congressional majority that made his legislative triumphs possible at least in part because of the emotional aftermath of Kennedy's assassination. With all this conceded, Johnson's legislative record still stands as an immense achievement. Even with Johnson's majority, it is doubtful that Kennedy could have mustered the painstaking, patient but relentless manner in which Johnson cultivates, pressures or pleads with members of Congress to get what he wants. Jack Kennedy simply was not built that way, and Congress was always suspicious of him.

Yet the Kennedy legend glows and grows. "I think it will live on," says Historian Henry Steele Commager. "Kennedy will continue to mean youth, hope, gaiety, wit and charm, and everybody's image of the gallant young man." Since his death, more than 90 books about him have been published. Aside from the Arthur Schlesinger and Ted Sorensen volumes, they range from *The Kennedy Wit* (and its sequel, *More Kennedy Wit*), *The Wisdom of JFK*, *Kennedy Courage* to John F. Kennedy and the Latvian People.

Kennedy himself would cringe at some of the fulsome prose, for if he appreciated the value of legend, he also knew when it became tasteless. And he would have applauded a passage in a beautifully done book, *John Fitzgerald Kennedy . . . As We Remember Him* (Atheneum) to which his family and many friends contributed: "The months following his tragic death were made doubly intolerable by the immediate gush of books, articles, poems, records, songs, photos, ologs, burnt-wood plaques, figurines, medals, scrolls, postcards—some of these sincere and touching, many of them opportunistic and pathetic. It was to be feared that the onslaught of this kind of attention might, at the least, obfuscate the truth." *As We Remember Him* makes eminently clear that Kennedy needs no embroidery. He had the touch, whether as a little boy who got ants in his pants during a family picnic, or as the young Senator telling his tough old father to "keep out of my politics," or as President stopping shaving soap over an intelligence report or reading *The Adventures of Reddy Fox* for his amusement.

Snobbery & Sympathy Rape

Lyndon Johnson, who must live with the Kennedy legend, has of course sought to create a legend of his own. He authorized the publication of his mother's *Family Album*, in which Rebekah Baines Johnson noted that a "light came in from the east" at the instant of Lyndon's birth. The peroration to almost every Johnson speech begins with words approximating these: "I still dream of my boyhood back on the poor, dry soil along the banks of the Pedernales, and . . ." He does not discourage his aides from awarding him unusual powers. Jack Valenti grants him "extra glands" to account for his fantastic energies. Even sober-sided Bill Moyers thinks that Johnson has a special set of "antennae" that enable him to "divine the pulse of the American people."

But Johnson's mythogenic capacity is limited; the Lyndon legend has not taken wing. He impresses people, but he does not touch them; he persuades them, but he does not gladden them. His creased face, with its oddly forced smile, cannot displace the memory of Kennedy's youthful radiance, and his unctuous prosiness cannot match Kennedy's eloquence. Compared with Kennedy's graceful dignity, Johnson's homesly touch can be embarrassing—as when he displays his abdominal scar to the nation and the world.

Often the contest seems downright unfair. The Kennedy legend either blithely ignores the fact that he was an inveterate politician or else makes a virtue of it: when that same term is applied to Johnson, it can carry a tawdry implication. In private, John Kennedy often uttered four-letter words, which was considered part of his charm; when Johnson uses the same words he is described as vulgar. Kennedy surrounded himself in high office with family and friends; yet it is Lyndon who is accused of cronyism.

Kennedy was born to great wealth, while Johnson made his own millions; but even in this area, Harvard's David Riesman detects a certain social snobbery operating against Johnson, a "lack of sympathy with a man who, unlike many poor boys who have done well and forgotten the ladder they climbed, has tried to keep it open to others as well." By any criterion of word or deed, Johnson did more for Negro rights than Kennedy, and Negroes have shown their gratitude at the polls. But some go to extraordinary lengths to credit Kennedy's inspiration rather than Johnson's execution, as for instance Lance Squire, a Chicago civil rights leader, who blames Johnson for being concerned only with expediency and wanting "to feed the Negroes, not free them."

Kennedy remains a hero to academicians and intellectuals, who deride Johnson, although in legislative terms he has done more for education, or even for art and science, than Kennedy apparently contemplated. But when Kennedy spoke

about ideas or culture, he sounded as if he really cared, while Johnson merely seems to be reading a text he neither believes nor quite understands. "I have found nothing more strange or unattractive than the way in which American intellectuals take pleasure in reviling President Johnson," British Journalist Henry Fairlie reported in *Commentary*. "It is not simply that they object to his policies in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic. It is a feeling of strong personal revulsion. 'He is a slob,' one of them said to me when I asked him why he disliked the President so much." Intellectuals are vain, added Fairlie, and "pathetically flattered by power" when power looks glamorous. "The American intellectual, although one should be able to assume he is beyond the age of consent, was raped by President Kennedy."

Trinity & Dynasty

The difference between reactions to the Kennedy legend and the Johnson performance is even more dramatic abroad than at home. Johnson is regularly described by foreign left-wingers as a "man of blood" or a "cowboy murderer" or a "Texas assassin," who has "turned Viet Nam into a slaughterhouse." A middle-roasting Athens journalist accuses Johnson of "blatant Goldwaterism." When it is pointed out that, had he lived, Kennedy would have had to make many of the same moves as Johnson, most foreign critics insist that he would have handled them differently, with more finesse. They concede that Johnson is brilliant in domestic affairs, though they don't really care much about that, but insist that he is heavy-handed or simply not interested in foreign affairs, particularly as regards Europe.

But the dislike goes beyond rational, or even irrational, argument. Some of it is purely visceral. "I don't know why," says an Ethiopian observer, "but I cannot stand to look at his picture." Says a Turkish businessman, even while trying to display his pro-American sentiments: "Just because Johnson is a boob does not mean that all Americans are boobs." A Tokyo political scientist can find only one word to define Johnson: *shoninteki*—meaning pedestrian or commonplace.

Kennedy, on the other hand, is described by Japanese Novelist Yukio Mishima as "the shining prince of the Genji tradition, a man with strategy in his mind and poetry in his heart." The USIS film *Years of Lightning, Day of Drums* is the highest hit in Congolese box-office history; West African dancers wear dresses with the portrait of J.F.K. printed on the fabric, and underlined by the caption: "Africa Will Not Forget You." One of Johnson's few African solaces is the fact that a Congolese group wrote to the U.S. embassy requesting permission to name a Boy Scout troop after L.B.J.

In Ireland, Brendan Corish, leader of the Labor Party, credits Kennedy with leading the world into forming "the Trinity of Peace, with Pope John XXIII and Khrushchev." In the past three months, major Italian magazines have carried nine cover stories either on Jack or some other Kennedy, and only one on Johnson. Says Author-Politician Luigi Barzini (*The Italians*): "Kennedy has attained a superman stature in Italian eyes. He was the man of hope, the man who could have done anything. He was the man who could have brought lasting peace to the entire world."

Essentially, foreigners loved Kennedy because he represented what everyone wants an American to be—young, handsome, rich. Paradoxically, they also loved him because he was so "un-American," so "European" in his sophistication and his ease with things foreign. In Johnson they think they see an embodiment of the old American clichés and a reversion to provincialism. Kennedy gave them, in the words of Spanish Philosopher Julian Marias, "a sense of sharing in his historical and political creation," while Johnson seems remote and devious. Recently a leading West German publisher surveyed some 180,000 boys, age five to 17, on the question of whom they considered the finest example of mankind in leading them toward fulfillment of their ambitions. Kennedy won hands down, running well ahead of "my father," "my teacher," and even Soccer Idol Uwe Seeler; Johnson didn't get a vote.

Paris Match last week observed the second anniversary of Kennedy's death and mourned the "irreparable loss," but

provided the comforting thought that "the Kennedy dynasty continues." Beneath a photograph of John-John appeared the caption: "In reserve: a Kennedy for tomorrow."

But slowly and grudgingly, some Europeans are beginning to accept Johnson's performance for its own sake. Typical is Britain's Labor Party M.P. Desmond Donnelly: "Kennedy and Johnson are very different. Kennedy was much more of a seminar figure, while Johnson has no time for seminars. We don't like him much. We don't understand him. But he and our own Prime Minister Harold Wilson are much alike, except that Johnson is more decisive. Johnson would have taken old Ian Smith and shaken him and put his face next to Smith's until Smith's blood stopped flowing." Says *Encounter's* John Mander: "People very much underrate what Johnson has done. I was talking to a Harvard man one day and I asked him, 'What did President Kennedy do to make him a great President?' His answer was, 'It wasn't what President Kennedy did. It was what he was about to do.'"

The French, who value style above most other virtues, are still infatuated with Kennedy; but they are learning to respect Johnson, though they will never love him. They savor the way he handles De Gaulle, by politely but firmly ignoring him. Until recently it was widely felt in France that the U.S. could not conceivably win in Viet Nam. Today that feeling has been nearly reversed: the French are beginning to realize that Johnson has the will—and the means—to overpower and outlast an enemy to whom the French capitulated.

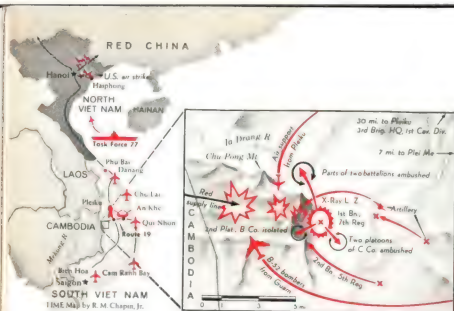
Revolution & High Noon

A year ago, noted Journalist Raymond Cartier saw Johnson as a "professional politician" completely lacking in "the serene authority of Eisenhower, the charm and romanticism of Kennedy." Cartier found something almost sinister in the fact that Lady Bird, upon reading "*Quiche Lorraine*" on a White House menu, scratched it out and wrote in: "Cheese Custard Pie." Cartier has since come around to an appreciation of Johnson that might satisfy even Johnson. "Because of him, I see America in the process of launching into a second revolution," says Cartier. "A peaceful revolution brought about with increasing worker ownership of capital, the triumph of free enterprise. Look at America today. She decreases foreign aid and intensifies the offensive in Viet Nam. She is burned at the stake in the United Nations. She hardly asks the advice of anyone any more. Yet her prestige has perhaps never been greater."

Polis among his own countrymen indicate that Johnson averages a slightly broader base of approval than Kennedy—by Gallup's reckoning, 72% v. 70%. But the do-you approve sort of query falls immeasurably short of assessing emotional intensity. Kennedy's legend is The Legend, and he is its hero; Johnson, at best, is the champion of the consensus. The Great Society, which exists largely on paper, is widely approved, but it has not kindled wide enthusiasm or idealistic fire—and those will be needed, just as much as political skill, if the paper is to become reality.

This week Pollster Sam Lubell reports that about one-third of the people interviewed by Lubell consider Johnson to be a "better President" than Kennedy. The corollary: two-thirds still think that Kennedy was the better President—and if practical accomplishment alone is to be the criterion, that is an odd judgment. The fact is that people want and need legends as well as accomplishments; the ability to lift, to inspire—to become legendary—is in itself an accomplishment no less concrete because it is intangible.

The Kennedy legend and the Johnson performance need not be adversary. The difference between the two men, says Harvard's Henry Kissinger, is the difference "between a dream and an achievement." Kissinger sees Johnson as being "in the position of Gary Cooper in *High Noon*. He has a lot of difficult and lonely decisions which even his critics recognize are necessary but hard to face. If he can bring off what he is trying to do, his image will take care of itself." It is probably just as well that Johnson does not have Kennedy's charismatic qualities in addition to his own talent for power and practical achievement. The combination might be too much for American democracy to bear.



THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Valleys of Death

When the siege of Plei Me was lifted five weeks ago, the mauled Communist attackers faded westward into the uninhabited valleys of elephant grass and scrub-covered hills that for a long time have been their sanctuary. But this time a sanctuary it was not to be. The U.S. undertook what had rarely been attempted before in Viet Nam—a hunting expedition to seek out and destroy the retreating Reds rather than let them escape to fight again on their own terms. For a fortnight, the troopers of the 1st Air Cavalry got lots of blistered feet, fought some brief skirmishes and took some prisoners, but made no real contact with the enemy. The chance of real battle seemed lost until last week, when the U.S. abruptly found its foe in the shadow of Chu Pong Mountain (see map). The result was the first major encounter between U.S. and North Vietnamese regular troops—and the biggest, bloodiest and most brutal losses for both sides in the war.

A Hi & a Smile. The longest week began on a sun-drenched Sunday morning in a small clearing, designated Landing Zone X Ray, in the Chu Pong foothills. Intelligence had long suspected the Chu Pong massif of harboring a large Communist base fed from the Cambodian side of the border. X Ray seemed a likely spot to find the enemy, and so it was. No sooner had the 1st Battalion of the Air Cav's 7th Regiment rushed from its choppers in the landing zone than the shooting began.

Struggling to set up a perimeter near the base of a hill, the 2nd Platoon of B Company found itself under such severe shelling from mortars that it was soon forced up a fingerlike slope—

apart from the rest of the battalion and in the very midst of the enemy. Finally taking refuge on a narrow ledge, the isolated platoon fired at the khaki-clad North Vietnamese attackers from as close as five to ten feet. Sergeant Clyde Savage stood up to blast down three of them, found to his horror that his automatic rifle was empty. "I didn't know what to do," he recalls, "so I just said 'Hi' and smiled. All three of them stood looking at me, sort of confused. Then they began fumbling, but I had slipped in a fresh magazine by then and sprayed."

For 26 hours the fight raged on as Communist crossfire kept the little band pinned down. "Anyone who moved was hit," said Savage, as he described the bitter struggle in which first the platoon leader and then the platoon sergeant were mowed down. But the rest fought on as wave after wave of attackers was beaten back by the platoon's guns and pinpoint Air Cav artillery support. When the remnants of the 2nd Platoon were finally rescued and brought back to safety, they were dazed and jabbering, but still had discipline, pride and—most amazing of all—ammunition to spare.

Glowing Red. The main battalion force soon had an even larger tragedy on its hands. At dawn, two platoons of C Company manning X Ray's southeast corner fanned out on patrol. The Communists cunningly sniped and retreated ahead of them, then sprang an ambush from the flanks and rear. Simultaneously a direct Red onslaught smashed head-on at the main C Company positions back at the landing zone, diverting both attention and possible aid to the two trapped platoons. Both were virtually annihilated. When relief forces arrived, they found several G.I.s who had been

taken prisoner, later shot with their feet tied. One was left hanging head down from a tree.

Four days and nights the battle around X Ray raged, while a remarkable concatenation of American firepower kept the estimated two attacking North Vietnamese battalions at bay. The 1st Air Cav's artillerymen poured more than 8,000 rounds into the area, firing so fast that their barrels often glowed red with heat. By day and night, tactical air pounded the enemy (see following story), and for the first time, in a series of ten raids, the giant B-52s from Guam were used in tactical support, blasting suspected enemy concentrations in the lowering mountains around X Ray. Bullwhip after bullwhip of Red infantrymen cracked down the slopes against the American defenses, only to be thrown back each time. By Wednesday, despite their own severe losses, the G.I.s had killed by body count some 890 North Vietnamese, and perhaps another 1,500 perished in the artillery and bombing barrages in the hills. It was far and away the worst Communist loss in a single engagement in the war.

Man to Man. Wednesday morning, X Ray proudly theirs, "The First Team" split into two units and moved on. For one unit, some 500 men from the 5th and 7th Regiments, it was a move toward near disaster. Barely three miles north of X Ray, the long column crossed the Ia Drang River. There lay two North Vietnamese soldiers sleeping in the grass, a sure sign that more trouble was not far away. It wasn't. Suddenly from all sides came a deadly hail of gunfire. The enemy seemed to be everywhere—slung in trees, dug into anthills, crouching behind bushes. It was a classic horseshoe trap, the fields of fire obviously meshed in perfect ambush.

As the U.S. force scattered and took cover, a Communist battalion sliced through its middle, cutting the Americans into two isolated halves. "After that," said an officer later, "it was man-to-man, hand-to-hand fighting between

B-52 RAID





GATHERING U.S. DEAD NEAR IA DRANG
From trees and anthills, a horseshoe's kick.

two very well-disciplined and very determined outfits." Though artillery and air support were soon on the way, and reinforcements were rushed from Pleiku (where many were abruptly called out of a memorial service for their dead at Chu Pong), Ia Drang quickly succeeded Chu Pong as the costliest U.S. battle of the war in human lives.

But when the smoke cleared above the blasted elephant grass, Hanoi hardly had reason to gloat. Some 350 of their crack troops, many of whom had come over the border into South Viet Nam within the last month, lay dead in Ia Drang valley, bringing to well over 1,000 their losses in the week's Armageddon with the 1st Air Cavalry.

All told, since the siege at Plei Me first began, the enemy suffered 1,769 dead. Some 140 were captured, as were 903 individual and 110 larger weapons

—almost enough armament to equip a regiment. That was evidence enough of the fresh influx of North Vietnamese troops that U.S. intelligence had long anticipated once the rainy season ended. Where the infiltration rate down the Ho Chi Minh trail was once 1,000 a month, it is now probably running 2,500, bringing, to date, seven, possibly eight North Vietnamese regiments into South Viet Nam.

It may well have been the 1st Air Cav's threatened interdiction of the enemy's manpower pipeline that produced the unprecedented ferocity of Communist attacks last week. For Chu Pong is clearly a central enemy enclave and funnel point into South Viet Nam. On the Cambodian side, the hills slope gently, allowing easy access for the supplies and men arriving from the North. To the east, the Ia Drang River provides easy transport and a natural gateway to Viet Nam's central highlands—whose takeover some U.S. intelligence experts believe to be the goal of Hanoi's massive buildup. In its probes, the Air Cav apparently hit a vital nerve, and the Communists fought back in what may have been a critical defensive action.

At week's end, while Vietnamese paratroopers moved in to continue the battle and give the torn ranks of the 1st Air Cav a well-earned rest, General William Westmoreland summed up the official American view of the long month that began with the siege at Plei Me: "I consider this an unprecedented victory. At no time during the engagement have American troops been forced to withdraw or move back from their positions except for purposes of tactical maneuver. American casualties were heavier than in any previous engagement, but small by comparison with the enemy's."

The Wings of Destruction

In the bloody fighting around Chu Pong last week, tactical air support often made the difference between victory and sheer annihilation for the hard fighting men of the 1st Air Cav. Time after time, U.S. fighter-bombers swept down in the nick of time to break up human-wave assaults by the North Vietnamese. In four days of fighting, the Air Force flew 260 sorties over the torn battleground. That was just part of a week's work for the 550 South Viet Nam-based planes that dropped more than 1,500 bombs and sprayed some 500,000 rounds of 20-mm. cannon shells on the enemy in dozens of places throughout the country.

Such statistics will soon seem modest, for more planes are on the way: last week two squadrons of sleek, barracuda-like F-4C Phantom fighter-bombers swooped down onto the new 10,000-ft. jet strip at Cam Ranh. A third squadron of the 1,500-m.p.h. fighter-bombers is now en route to South Viet Nam, as is an F-100 squadron, and by the end of next March Washington plans to double—to 1,200 planes—the strike force available to U.S. field commanders in the South.

Cutting the Lines. Though primarily for use in the South, there is nothing to prevent the spreading southern-based armada from joining on occasion its sister fleet of U.S. planes based on carriers and in Thailand in the daily, relentless pounding of North Viet Nam. Indeed, as Hanoi increasingly steps up the tempo of fighting in the South, there is likely to be increased argument for U.S. bombing of the industrial complex around Hanoi and the port of Haiphong.

Already allied planes—U.S. Navy,

ON CHU PONG

(E. R. RICE)



Marine and Air Force fighter-bombers, plus those of the South Vietnamese—are tightening the noose around the factory-rich region. In the last month, U.S. planes have attacked 13 SAM missile sites, mostly in the complex, one of them only 22 miles from Hanoi, the closest strike yet to the Red capital. For the first time, American aircraft last week lashed out at the vital communications link between Hanoi and Haiphong, loosing 49 tons of bombs on a rail and highway bridge. In two other missions, they blasted the main railway and the main highway running north-east from Hanoi to China.

On their bomb runs, U.S. pilots have little fear of the skies. North Vietnamese MIGs have been all but invisible, only occasionally venturing close enough to tangle with the American marauders. And only when the odds are with them.

Dodge City. The real threat is on the ground, and missions near Hanoi and Haiphong are predictably the most hazardous of the air war, for it is there that the North Vietnamese have concentrated the bulk of their anti-aircraft guns and SAM sites. More often than not, a key target must be cleared all the way through the Joint Chiefs of Staff in the Pentagon before the pilots take off. The pilots call the JCS strikes "doomsday missions" because, as Air Force Captain Glenn R. Magathan of Chicago explains, "there's no way in and no way out without flak, and when you get there, they are all stirred up and mad as hornets." "As a matter of fact," he adds, "on our base we call the guy who wakes us up before a JCS strike 'the Grim Reaper'—and it isn't funny either." Hardly. On one attack east of Hanoi last week, four Navy planes were shot down in 35 minutes by a particularly accurate cluster of guns tumbled into a river bend.

Flak bothers the pilots more than the SAM missiles, because the U.S. has developed fairly effective electronic and evasive countermeasures to the SAMs. But vital spots in the North are sometimes blanketed with flak barrages that rise like a layer cake: from rifleman and machine guns rises a cone of fire starting a few hundred feet up, and above that are successive layers from 37-mm., 57-mm., 85-mm., and 100-mm. anti-aircraft cannon that squirt steel thousands of feet high.

"You see the small stuff best at dusk," says Magathan. "Whole sections of the countryside just ablaking. During the day, the only way to identify an automatic-weapons site is by the dust the guns kick up on recoil." The larger ack-ack sites, report the pilots, who are now averaging 20 missions a month over the North, generally have six to eight radar-controlled guns. But around Hanoi an emplacement may contain as many as 14 guns. Since "that's where the big shoot-out is," the Communist capital is known to U.S. pilots as "Dodge City."

JAPAN

Demo in the Damp

It was *No* theater at its most negative. Through a misty drizzle, the gleaming forest of black umbrellas and red, blue and yellow banners moved down Tokyo's neon-lit Ginza. "Down with the Sato government!" bellowed the Zengakuren students, Socialist Party workers and Sohyo union members, as they marched past hordes of riot cops in blue plastic helmets with Plexiglas face shields. Then the drizzle gave way to a pelting downpour, and what had been billed as the holdest anti-government "demo" in five years sputtered out like a drenched fuse.

The marchers were protesting the

Nonetheless, the agitation served to call attention to the substantial—and growing—opposition in Japan to the Viet Nam war. The giant Sohyo labor union claims to have garnered 8,000,000 signatures already on an antiwar petition. Polls show that 75% of the Japanese public opposes the bombing of North Viet Nam. "Asian problems should be solved by Asians," wrote Editor-in-Chief Shizuo Maruyama in the *Japan Quarterly*. Last week a group of 30 Japanese intellectuals took a full-page ad in the New York Times protesting the war.

A Change of Posture. Key molder of Japan's antiwar "mood" has been the Tokyo daily press, which has consistently criticized American actions in Viet Nam while buying Hanoi's propaganda line at face value. Until recently, U.S. Ambassador Edwin Reischauer responded with a "low posture," mildly stressing patience and asking Japanese to try to understand the American position. Then, last month, Reischauer, a student of Japanese history whose wife is a daughter of one of Japan's leading families, decided to tackle the Tokyo press head on.

Citing an Asahi Shimbun poll that claimed 42% of all Japanese believe that the loss of South Viet Nam to Communism would have no effect on Japan, Reischauer took editors and public alike to task for "serious misapprehensions." In his new "high posture," Reischauer specifically attacked Foreign Editor Minoru Omori of Mainichi Shimbun (circ. 6,400,000), who, after watching a North Vietnamese propaganda film, declared that the U.S. had bombed a leprosy camp near Hanoi "for ten days straight." First response to the Reischauer speech was indignation, but eventually Reischauer's reputation paid off. Much greater attention is now being paid to the American side of the Viet Nam war, and Asahi (circ. 8,000,000) is currently running a series from Washington explaining the U.S. view.

But Reischauer's work notwithstanding, Viet Nam remains a potential Achilles' heel for Premier Sato, one which the leftists would dearly love to exploit. Having failed to bring him down over the Japan-South Korea treaty issue, they now will doubtless shift their emphasis back to Viet Nam.

UNITED NATIONS

Sniping from the Sedan Chair

The U.S. had hoped to muster enough supporters to block the admission of Red China to the United Nations by a simple majority when that perennial issue came up for a vote last week. But when the General Assembly's big new indicator board flashed the final results, the U.S. had to settle for a tie—47 nations for seating Red China, 47 against, and 20 abstentions.

U.S. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg declared that the vote "demonstrated that it is not the U.S. alone which has



REISCHAUER & WIFE

Who bombed the leprosy camp?

Japan-South Korea Normalization Treaty, ratified by banzai vote in the Diet a week earlier when Premier Eisaku Sato's Liberal Democratic floor managers bulldozed the opposition Socialists with a post-midnight roll call, Japan's leftists claim that the treaty will somehow lead to Japanese involvement in the Viet Nam war.

Conditions for Savagery. With delaying tactics in the Diet and demonstrations in the streets, the leftists hoped to paralyze the government and pull down Sato just as they had his brother, ex-Premier Nobusuke Kishi, after the 1960 Japan-U.S. Security Treaty was signed. No such luck, for this time the Japanese public simply was not responding to the leftists' highly indignant cries. For one thing, it was all too obvious that the treaty with Korea, which restores relations between the Asian neighbors for the first time since World War II, has no military clauses. Moreover, the conditions for street savagery that prevailed in 1960 have been dulled by a steadily improving economy.



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kept Communist China out of the U.N." That was obvious to anyone who could count. Also obvious was the fact that what had once been an overwhelming majority of nations on the side of exclusion was now reduced to no margin at all. "Just wait until next year," jeered one Eastern European delegate.

Most delegates felt that the Red Chinese had helped keep themselves out. As the seating discussions began two months ago, Cambodia lobbied for a proposal that would invite Red China in without tossing the Chinese Nationalists out. That might have won Peking an impressive majority. But Peking vetoed the idea and ordered its friends to press for a resolution that would expel the Nationalists from the U.N. while seating Red China, and contained a barrage of proposals for a revolutionary overhaul of the U.N. What Peking wanted was to wreck the U.N. Would it accept anything less? After last week's tie vote, a Red Chinese newspaper in Hong Kong sniffed that even "were a sedan chair with eight men employed to carry China into the U.N., China still would not go."

THE CONGO

Fight for a Leopard-Skin Chair

Elegantly suited and vested, Premier-Designate Evariste Kimba sat on the front bench of the crowded Chamber of Deputies and tried to look confident. Three rows back, his predecessor, Moise Tshombe, tapped his foot nervously. As the Congolese Parliament met in joint session last week, about the only empty seat in the Palais de la Nation was the leopard-skin presidential chair itself: President Joseph Kasavubu, who could not vote anyway, had gone off to attend a memorial service for the nation's civil war dead.

Ostensible purpose of the session was a confidence vote on Kimba and his Cabinet, which had been installed last month after Kasavubu fired Tshombe. But even more was at stake. With Parliament and the 21 provincial legislatures due to elect a new President this winter, the vote was the first test of strength between Kasavubu, who wanted badly to be re-elected, and Tshombe, his only serious rival for the job. Honoring Congolese political tradition, both sides had spent huge sums to win votes and influence legislators—some of whom reportedly were offered more than \$15,000 for their allegiance.

It was just as well for Kasavubu that he was not on hand. By the time the final name on the roll (Senator Emile Zola from Kongo Central) was called, Parliament had thrown out his hand-picked Kimba regime by a vote of 134 to 121 and handed Tshombe a narrow but satisfying victory. It was, however, only the first round. Kasavubu immediately asked Kimba to form another Cabinet, which under the constitution gave the defeated Premier another 30 days of grace before Tshombe could mount a new challenge in Parliament.

RHODESIA

The Defiance of Sir Humphrey

British governors have always lived in isolated splendor. In Salisbury last week, Governor Sir Humphrey Gibbs had plenty of isolation, but it was not altogether splendid. On orders of Prime Minister Ian Smith, all phone lines to Sir Humphrey's official residence were cut. Then, in rapid succession, his armed police guard was withdrawn, his blue-tarbooshed honor guards tossed their bedrolls into a police truck and were driven away, and his butlers, gardeners, cooks and maids disappeared. His chauffeur even drove off with his official Rolls-Royce.

"What governor?" jeered Ian Smith at protests on Gibbs' behalf. Indeed,



GIBBS

hardly had Smith seized independence for his white supremacist regime than he had taken it upon himself to fire Sir Humphrey, naming his own Deputy Premier as the Queen's new "official representative." Trouble was, Gibbs refused to be fired, and nothing Smith could do would budge him. "Her Majesty has asked me to continue in office," Sir Humphrey announced, "and I therefore remain your lawful Governor."

Public Flogging. His outspoken defiance turned Sir Humphrey, 63, a gaunt and rangy Englishman who settled in Rhodesia 37 years ago, into the foremost symbol of opposition to the Smith regime. Staying with him in Government House was Rhodesia's Chief Justice Sir Hugh Beadle. Outside, more than 3,000 Rhodesians, white and black alike, stood in line last week to sign his guest book.

There were other displays of protest as Rhodesia entered its second week of independence. A few bombs were set off, and mobs of Africans stoned schools, buses and a mail train. In the midlands town of Gwelo, police broke up a protest march by 239 black schoolboys, hauled them all off to be flogged.

In Bulawayo 3,000 Africans marched to work one morning in pajamas, but a threatened general strike fell flat. In general, nothing very much happened that could threaten Smith's hold on the nation. "All's quiet on the home front," he declared happily after a Cabinet meeting last week.

Immature Crops. All was far from quiet in London, where Sir Humphrey had overnight become the toast of the crown. The House of Commons passed an unprecedented motion of "admiration" for his stand, and Queen Elizabeth made him Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order. Even so, it was becoming increasingly plain to Prime Minister Harold Wilson that the sanctions he had imposed on Rhodesia were a long way from bringing Smith to his knees.

Despite the British boycott of tobacco, Rhodesians were still planting it in



ZAMBIA'S KAUNDA

Why are the British like ripe bananas?

hopes that by the time their crops mature next April they will be able to find a market. Despite stringent trade and currency restrictions designed to undercut the Rhodesian pound, the new nation's hard currency reserves actually increased by \$2,224,000 last week. The settlers might grumble at Smith's austerity taxes, which sent the price of Scotch whisky up to \$5.46 a bottle, but the majority of them still supported him—and resented what they considered British treachery at trying to force them to turn over their government to the blacks. "Why are the British like ripe bananas?" goes the latest Salisbury joke. Answer: "Because they are yellow, crooked and ready to turn black."

Tonks of the Bridges. Looking over the situation, Wilson sent Attorney-General Sir Elwyn Jones before Parliament to report that tougher sanctions might be necessary—and sooner than anyone had thought. Indeed, to head off a U.N. Security Council resolution calling for the use of force, Britain had already agreed to go along with an oil embargo against Rhodesia—despite Wilson's fears that it might needlessly throw thousands of Rhodesia's blacks out of work. Even worse, it might lead Smith to retaliate in the only way he can: by cutting off the power and rail

links that Rhodesia still supplies to Zambia, the copper-mining Commonwealth nation on his northern border.

There, Rhodesian and Zambian troops are already dug in on either side of the Zambezi River, watch each other suspiciously through field glasses. Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda, who believes the British army could recover Rhodesia without firing a shot, last week asked for British troops to protect his interests at the giant Kariba Dam power plant on the Rhodesian side of the border. Wilson refused, but issued a new warning to Ian Smith. "I want to make it quite plain," said the British Prime Minister in a BBC broadcast to Rhodesia, "that if the Smith regime were to carry out an act of aggression across an international frontier, be it Zambia or any other, this, of course, would be an act of war."

FRANCE

Suddenly, Politics!

For seven years the giant shadow of Charles de Gaulle has all but blacked out the Frenchman's interest in domestic politics. Hence the giant yawn that greeted De Gaulle's announced intention to succeed himself in the first direct presidential election in France since 1848. The nation seemed in for a pointless campaign and another seven years' imperium. But suddenly last week the picture changed. As the official two-week campaign got under way, De Gaulle's opposition—five candidates in all—proved far more alive and kicking than anyone had anticipated.

It was that little white window to the people, the government's television—long the Gaullists' best weapon after De Gaulle himself—that was stirring the excitement. The election rules give each candidate a total of seven appearances totaling two hours (plus another two hours on government radio as well), and despite Gaullist restrictions that might have hobbled the campaigners, the first round of opposition appearances has been surprisingly effective.

Cheap at the Price. Leading the way was François Mitterrand, long De Gaulle's roughest parliamentary critic and so far his chief opposition in the race, who has the joint backing of the Socialist and Communist parties. Mitterrand bore down heavily on "social injustice" in France, sneered that "De Gaulle poses problems which concerned our fathers. I am trying to pose problems which will concern our sons." The candidate on the right, Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancour, spoke feelingly on the subject that still rankles and moves many a Frenchman—the Gaullist betrayal of the Algerian French.

Giant (6 ft. 7 in.), likable Lawyer and Writer Pierre Marcilhacy condemned Gaullist foreign policy, argued that "a great country like France cannot allow itself to be alone in the world." Marcel Barbu, an unknown watchmaker from Nanterre, pleaded for better housing. He put up the \$2,000 deposit to



MITTERRAND
Fathers and sons.

become a candidate (refundable only if he can poll 5% of the vote) only to air his pet grievance. "It's cheap at twice the price," he explains, noting that he will get \$500,000 worth of free radio and television time for his \$2,000.

True Grandeur. To no one is the showcase of television more important than to the man coming up fastest in the campaign: Jean Lecanuet, 45, a Senator from Seine-Maritime and recently president of the Catholic center M.R.P. (Mouvement Républicain Populaire) party. Already being hailed by his supporters and the press as "the French Kennedy" because of his telegenic good looks and stylish rapport with crowds, Lecanuet in a mere month has raised himself from obscurity to importance with the cry, "Why does France not have a young President?" He is hitting De Gaulle hard on Europe, and to *le général's* condescending pronouncement that the choice for France on Dec. 5 is himself or "confusion."



LECANUET POSTER
Young and stylish.

Lecanuet replies that "the true grandeur of a state is firmness and the ability to survive the passing of a leader."

Already Lecanuet is estimated to have a sure 3,000,000 votes, and his support is still swelling. But neither Lecanuet nor any of the other candidates is likely to pass the leader in this election. What the five hope to do is to poll over half of the estimated 22 million votes likely to be cast Dec. 5. If they do, the rules require a runoff between the two top vote-getters. That, for De Gaulle, would be a humiliating stoop from grandeur. But already the Gaullists, slightly alarmed by the swift start of the opposition, are preparing for the worst. A runoff, they were bruiting around Paris last week, would really be quite a good thing after all. Their reasoning: in the runoff, De Gaulle would surely clobber his lone opposition.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Other Blackout

It was a clear, brisk autumn day in London, but much of the country shivered in fog and freezing mist. As darkness fell, housewives turned on their lights and electric heaters, started brewing tea and cooking dinner on electric stoves, snapped on the telly. Then suddenly, bang on 5 o'clock, it was New York all over again. The lights went out.

In London's Mayfair, office workers stumbled around in inky, icy blackness. At the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square, diplomats read their documents by candlelight. Scotland Yard sped emergency flashlight details out to direct traffic at major intersections. Throughout great areas of southern England and the Midlands the blackout spread. Sections of Birmingham sputtered and went out, as did Maidenhead, downtown Derby and scores of other places.

But when the lights came on again half an hour or so later, there was no American nonsense about what had happened. The chief operations engineer for Britain's Central Electricity Board simply announced that he had pulled the plug. It was the peak power period, he explained, and the chilly inhabitants of England and Wales had turned on a lot more electricity (32,000 megawatts) than the state-owned power stations could produce (29,000 megawatts). The foul-up was due "partly to the weather and partly because we are rather behind on an annual overhaul."

Candid as the explanation was, it did not satisfy his customers. "It is really intolerable that power supplies should be inadequate," declared the Times, and other papers agreed. Tongue in cheek, BBC Television Commentator Cliff Michelmore appeared "on behalf of the electrical industry" to report that the blackouts were not "anything like the disgraceful failure of the electric supply in New York last week. Ours were on purpose." As if to prove him right, the Electricity Board's engineer pulled the plug again the next night.

The Word

The most modern of literary conventions, of fairly recent approval, permits sexual play or sexual passion to be described in lavish detail, in four-letter as well as polysyllabic words, in fiction. But a certain reticence and circumspection, for obvious reasons, is still demanded in the public prints, on radio and on television. Last week British Critic Kenneth Tynan, who doubles as literary director of Britain's National Theater, decided to test that convention and found it still intact.

It happened on a BBC panel show, aired well past prime time, where the question of sexual explicitness in the theater was under discussion. With bland insouciance, the moderator asked: "Would you go so far as to allow a play to be put on at the National Theater in which sexual intercourse took place on the stage?" Tynan took a deep breath, peered soberly into the camera, and said: "Certainly." Then, using the most familiar English four-letter colloquialism for the act of love, he allowed that there are "very few rational people in this world to whom the word is particularly revolting."

Tynan might be right. Certainly millions of English-speaking people use it every day as verb, noun and adjective, as an expletive, an oath, and even a term of endearment. But, as Tynan quickly learned from the uproar that followed his pronouncement, there is still a considerable gap between private usage and public sensibility. The novel may reflect life, but life does not yet completely imitate fiction.

And life has men who can still maintain a humorous perspective. Asked for the government's view of the "outrage," Prime Minister Harold Wilson replied: "Sir, four-letter words have not appeared nor will they in any of my performances on television."

RUSSIA

The Czar Who Wouldn't Die

On the grey, gull-studded morning of Dec. 1, 1825, the Azov seaport of Taganrog echoed to the tolling of death bells. Alexander I, conqueror of Napoleon, keystone of the Holy Alliance, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, was dead at 48. With him had passed the hopes of the peasantry for reforms and freedoms that he had long espoused; after him came an era of intermittent repression and misuse that led finally to the Bolshevik Revolution. But had Alexander really died? Last week in Moscow, a Soviet writer once again exhumed a 140-year-old legend that Alexander faked his death, then took up a 39-year life of humble repentence as a wandering *starets* (holy man) in Siberia.

Mistresses & Malaria. The legend goes like this. Alexander, never very stable, was haunted by the memory of his murdered father, Paul I, and half-crazed by a sense of guilt for Napo-

leon's burning of Moscow. A handsome rakehell, Alexander had latterly fallen under the influence of Baroness Barbara Juliana von Krüdener, a Baltic Billy Sunday who converted the Czar into a rabid religious mystic. Thus in 1825 he decided to change his life.

In a Crimean hospital, Alexander came across a dying army officer who closely resembled him, even down to a scar on the leg. When the soldier died, Alexander's physician allowed the body to decompose just enough to blur its features. Meanwhile Alexander took to his bed, ostensibly with malaria or typhoid. When the time was ripe, the corpse was brought up to the Emperor's room in a covered bathtub: Alexander was smuggled out the same way to a yacht belonging to the first Earl of Cathcart, former British Ambassador



ALEXANDER I (ABOUT 1816)
The corpse came up in a bathtub.

to Russia and a close friend of Alexander's. It slipped quietly out of the harbor the next day, bearing south and east to the Holy Land, where a "mysterious passenger"—ostensibly Alexander—made a tour of sacred shrines. The coffin was opened only once en route to the capital, and then only immediate relatives were permitted to look inside.

Crime & Punishment. There is an eleven-year gap in the legend—until 1836, when a tall stranger with a flowing beard and erect military bearing rode into the Siberian outpost of Krasnoufimsk on a white horse. He carried his right hand on his hip in the manner of the late Czar; he spoke fluent French and a kind of Russian that was half church-Slavic, half Latin; he carried an icon with the initials A.I. The peasants began to wonder if this might not be Alexander the Blessed. When the stranger, who gave his name as Fyodor

Kuzmich but could produce no papers to prove it, was sentenced to 20 lashes for vagrancy, a strange thing happened. Out from Moscow rode Grand Duke Michael, Alexander's younger brother. He personally threatened the judge with a lashing of his own. But after talking privately and reverentially with Kuzmich, Michael relented and left. Other Romanovs visited the holy man: Czar-evech Alexander, namesake of his uncle and soon to bear the imperial title, arrived and kissed Kuzmich's hand.

To Fyodor Kuzmich's peasant compatriots, there could be no doubt that he was the Czar. He awed them with his humble beekeeping and mysterious tales of life in the czarist court. "When Napoleon was marching on Moscow," Kuzmich would relate, "the Czar went to pray at the casket of St. Serge of Radonezh. The cathedral was dark, and he was alone. Suddenly he heard a voice: 'Go, Alexander, and trust your general.' " And so Russia won its first patriotic war.

Rumors & Resolve. When Kuzmich died in 1864, believers in the legend noted that Alexander's aged courtiers finally went into mourning—something they had scrupulously avoided in 1825. Two years later, in 1866, rumors swept the capital that Alexander's tomb had been opened by night with the Czar's approval. The supposition: that Kuzmich-Alexander was being returned from his grave in Tomsk to the tomb in the Fortress of Peter and Paul. Years later an old soldier told one researcher that he had been paid 10,000 rubles to remove a body—apparently that of the fake Alexander—from the tomb and bury it in a small graveyard back of the fortress.

The legend of Alexander's prolonged life captured the imagination of many obscure historians—and even that of Novelist Leo Tolstoy. In 1905, shortly before his death, Tolstoy began a fictional account titled *Posthumous Notes on Fyodor Kuzmich*. Another investigator has had better luck with the Soviet regime of Brezhnev and Kosygin. Writing in *Izvestia's* Sunday magazine last week, Journalist Lev Lyubimov revealed that the Russian government is pondering a plan to resolve the Alexandrian mystery once and for all. Lyubimov would like to open both Kuzmich's tomb in Tomsk and Alexander's in Leningrad.

Whatever the results, it seems unlikely that any definitive answer to the mystery will be forthcoming. But for observers of Soviet society, the renewed interest in Alexander is phenomenon enough. By bringing to public attention the life of a mystic and martyr, a pre-Soviet hero and reformer, Russia's new bosses are showing a broad-mindedness far greater than that of their predecessors. The resurgence of the Alexander legend shows an acceptance of not only a Czar but an aspect of pro-Bolshevik history that transcends the rigid confines of Marxist-Leninist "truth."

THE HEMISPHERE

DIPLOMACY

The Dialogue Begins

Once in May and again in August, the conference had to be postponed because of the flaring civil war in the Dominican Republic. Now at last 800 delegates from 19 nations converged on Rio's ancient Hotel Gloria for the Second Special Inter-American Conference of the Organization of American States. The object was to assess the role of the 17-year-old OAS in a rapidly changing hemisphere. And that was something that badly needed doing. "There are several Pandora's boxes here," said an

at all since 1954, except for one-shot meetings on such urgent matters as applying sanctions against Castro's Cuba. Among other reforms, José A. Mora, the able Uruguayan lawyer who serves as OAS Secretary-General, wants a meeting of foreign ministers at least once a year. "I cannot say that such a meeting might have foreseen or prevented the Dominican crisis," Mora said. "However, had the system provided for an annual conference, the resulting exchange of information would have made for greater awareness and understanding of the impending danger."

As part of the OAS peace-keeping

cumbersome. It might require charter revision, and that would mean another conference to vote on the final amendments. Once the revisions are voted, the amended charter must then go to the various national Parliaments for ratification. "That takes years," moaned one diplomat. Not until last week did the Brazilian Congress finally ratify the 1948 Bogotá Pact, providing for the peaceful settlement of disputes. And it was only the tenth nation to do so.

Last week the U.S. was still treading softly in the wake of the Dominican crisis, trying to establish what Secretary of State Dean Rusk and U.S. Ambassador to Brazil Lincoln Gordon like to call "a friendly consensus." The real work of the meeting will come in private talks among foreign ministers or *jefe a jefe* (chief to chief). Over cups of Brazilian *cafézinho*, the U.S. hopes only to reach a broad agreement that will pave the way for a more productive second conference, possibly next spring. The important thing was that a high-level dialogue had at last begun.

CUBA

More Mosquito Bites

Fidel Castro's Communist dictatorship fairly bristles with coastal emplacements, sea-scanning radar, patrolling helicopters and 45-m.p.h. *komar*-class Soviet torpedo boats. Yet whenever the mosquito navy of the anti-Castro exiles buzzes up to bite away at fortress Cuba, as it did in Havana harbor last week, the recruits behind Castro's hardware curiously seem to be looking the other way.

Arrowhead Approach. Under a full moon one evening, three or more exile gunboats—each painted a glossy white, showing red and green running lights and flying the Cuban flag—approached Havana in arrowhead formation. By midnight, the exiles had reached the city without so much as a challenge, broke out 20-mm. cannon and .50-cal. machine guns, and raised havoc along the waterfront for half an hour.

One boat cruised east along Malecón Drive, at times no more than 30 yds. from the sea wall, shot up the Havana Riviera hotel—a favorite of Iron Curtain visitors—and left flames licking from third-floor windows. Farther east along the shore, a second raiding group blasted away at a police station, then at a group of soldiers, who scrambled for cover. To the west, the other boat raked the seaside home of Castro's Puppet President Osvaldo Dorticos Torrado, drawing erratic rifle fire from nearby guards. By the time the attackers turned for home, the confusion was such that anti-aircraft guns were pumping shells into the sky as searchlights crisscrossed futilely for enemy planes.

The embarrassing news reached Castro atop Pico Turquino, a 6,560-ft. mountain in the Sierra Maestra, where



CASTELLO BRANCO (LEFT FOREGROUND), AMBASSADOR GORDON & SECRETARY RUSK
Out of the boxes, vast numbers of insects.

OAS official, "any one of which contains vast numbers of insects."

In 1948, when it was chartered in its present form, the OAS was envisioned as a regional United Nations that would provide mutual defense, promote economic development and knit the hemisphere together into a tight community. Performance has fallen short of promise, and history is quickly passing the OAS by. Castro-Communist guerrillas are striking at half a dozen nations, inter-American trade is lagging, population pressures are mounting, and peasant masses are clamoring for social and political change. In all this, the OAS remains relatively powerless to act or even serve as a catalyst in the formation of a joint hemisphere-wide policy.

Not Since 1954. As the key political organ of the OAS, the Inter-American Conference of Foreign Ministers is supposed to meet once every five years to lay down OAS policy and give direction to the Council of OAS Ambassadors, which meets twice monthly in Washington. The foreign ministers have not met

machinery, delegates will also discuss organizing a permanent Inter-American Peace Force, on the order of the temporary force now in the Dominican Republic. Brazil's President Humberto Castello Branco made no secret of his views. "We must acknowledge," he told delegates, "the inanity of our wanting collective protection and action without first creating effective machinery for collective decision-making and joint action." This is likely to stir a storm of protest from such ardent defenders of nonintervention as Mexico and Chile. "A fall in the price of copper or coffee," said Chilean OAS Ambassador Alejandro Magnat, "is more serious for our countries than Communist subversion." Venezuela, too, is firmly against intervention—though it wasn't saying much last week, having boycotted the conference in protest against Brazil's revolutionary military government.

Treading Softly. Even if everyone were to agree on some sort of OAS peace force, the mechanism for enacting this or any other reform is slow and

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Right along with the marvel of the telephone is the marvel of the telephone directory. But most people (even farsighted ones) are so close to the fine print that they never see the page. Our page. Great Northern makes the paper that makes it possible for hundreds of phone companies to furnish up-to-date directories as part of their service. We're the nation's biggest expert on papers for printing on ... and on. Newspapers. Mass magazines. Catalogs. Paperback books. All kinds of papers that carry printed words to all kinds of people. Making paper for people is the business of Great Northern.



The first telephone directory published in America was issued by the New Haven District Telephone Company in 1878. It had only one page and listed only 27 subscribers. Today, the alphabetical directory for the Borough of Manhattan in New York City contains 812,000 listings and weighs nearly 5 pounds. • Today's classified business directories, "the yellow pages," list over 4,000 categories and carry subscribers in 4,400 areas. • For phone books, Great Northern produces thousands of

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he started his revolution nine years ago. He was there, improbably enough, to award diplomas to 426 medical students, climaxing nearly a week of hoopla calculated to revive his people's flagging "revolutionary fervor." For four days and nights, students and friends had hiked up the mountain with the bearded dictator. At one point during the trek, Castro called for helicopter delivery of 1,000 quarts of ice cream for his weary followers. Tons of food, TV cameras and electrical generating equipment were hauled to the campsite, where eventually over 1,000 Cubans gathered with the Maximum Leader.

An Exile Caper. On TV from Pico Turquino next day, Castro predictably blamed the waterfront raid on "the CIA, which has perpetrated all types of misdeeds and crimes against this country." In reply, three exile groups in Miami quickly admitted that they had pulled off the caper "to show that Castro is vulnerable." The boats, according to exiles, had not come from Florida but from a "secret base" outside U.S. jurisdiction. There seemed little doubt on that score. For over a year, the U.S. has tried to restrain anti-Castroites from such exciting but basically pointless adventures.⁷ The surveillance has been increased fivefold since the Cuban refugee evacuation began last month with a rush of small boats from Florida; now that Castro has signed a "memorandum of understanding" to set up an airlift of 3,000-4,000 refugees a month, no one wants to give him any excuse to renege.

At week's end Castro still seemed as eager to get rid of his disaffected citizens as they were to get out. Three charter boats were evacuating 2,000 refugees stranded at the port of Camarioca since the small-boat exodus was cut off three weeks ago, and the word was that the airlift would begin Dec. 1.

THE ALIANZA

Three on the Go

Four years after the *Alianza* set out to help 200 million Latin Americans make progress, there were still half a dozen countries teetering on the brink of political and economic chaos. But it is now clear that three tiny, historically tortured countries can be taken off the crisis list.

● **NICARAGUA.** In office since 1963, President René Schick, 56, works in the shade

Among those prominently present: Aleida Guevara, wife—or possibly widow—of erstwhile Castro No. 2. Man Che Guevara, who disappeared, leaving his family "in the care of the state."

Including an attempt last week by a 16-year-old Texas high-school student named Thomas Robinson to hijack a National Airlines DC-8 jetliner bound from New Orleans to Melbourne, Fla., with 84 passengers, including Christopher Kraft, flight director for NASA's Manned Spacecraft Center near Houston. Muttering that he wanted to go to Cuba to protest Castro's political prisoners, Robinson pulled two pistols, fired several shots into the plane's floor, but was subdued before he reached the cockpit.



NICARAGUA'S SCHICK



HONDURAS' LÓPEZ



PARAGUAY'S STROESSNER

After four years, an introduction to progress.

of the Somoza brothers. Tachito and Luis, who control the country's military and much of its wealth. Schick and the Somozas are development-minded, however, and since 1961 their small (pop. 1,600,000) country's G.N.P. has increased by a phenomenal 40%, highest sustained growth in Central America. From the Alliance for Progress has come \$30 million for such projects as construction of 350 miles of roads to stimulate dairy and beef production, reduce dependence on cotton. Foreign investors have teamed with local entrepreneurs to produce everything from TV sets to insecticides—and a new class of forward-looking managers, such as Businessman (construction, automobile parts) Enrique Pereira, 42, is emerging to "take the country out of the feudal ages for everybody's benefit."

● **HONDURAS.** With 136 cones in 144 years of independence, this neighboring Central American republic (pop. 2,000,000) can at least thank Strongman General Oswaldo López, 44, for two years of political stability—and economic growth. With \$25 million a year in *Alianza* aid, generous foreign investment, and their own nine-foot-deep topsoil. Hondurans have built a G.N.P. that this year is expected to add up to \$460 million, 8% over last year. Bananas still provide \$38 million (or 40%) of the country's export earnings, but the highly successful Central American Common Market has stimulated a mushrooming cluster of small industries (paint, synthetic rubber, flour mills) on the Caribbean coast, where Mexican investors soon hope to build a \$12.5 million steel mill using native ore and charcoal.

● **PARAGUAY.** After eleven years under Dictator-President Alfredo Stroessner, the country's 1,900,000 people do not have democracy in the U.S. sense, or much hope of achieving it in the near future. But the regime is growing more benign, and Paraguayans are beginning to know a little prosperity. Attracted by rocklike stability (the guaraní at 126 to the dollar has not budged in five years), foreign investment has increased steadily. U.S. firms have spent more than \$25 million to build meat-packing plants, a bottled-gas facility, a hydroelectric station and an oil refinery. Last year, exports (mainly beef, lumber and cotton) earned \$50 million, 23% more than

1963, and this year may rise another 10%. Some \$27 million in *Alianza* aid has gone into agricultural, educational and communications projects, helped push 1,200 miles of paved roads into the rich but unexploited interior. Though the country's per capita G.N.P. is still one of the lowest in the hemisphere, it is expected to top last year's \$146 by 8%, and keep on improving.

BRITISH GUIANA

Independence Ahead

After 162 years of colonial rule, British Guiana will soon be going its own independent way. In London last week, following 17 days of talks with Guianese leaders, Colonial Secretary Anthony Greenwood announced that the small South American colony will gain its independence on May 26, 1966.

Perched on the continent's northeast shoulder, British Guiana has a lot going for it: major bauxite deposits, rich timberlands, a benign, well-watered climate for rice and sugar cane. Yet until a year ago, it was all London could do to maintain law and order, let alone grant independence. Under rabble-rousing Marxist Premier Cheddi Jagan, British Guiana's 295,000 East Indians and 190,000 Negroes were engaged in a vicious racial feud that only the presence of British troops prevented from becoming outright civil war. Then in new elections last December, Negro Attorney Forbes Burnham came to power, formed a coalition government, and put the colony back on the road to progress.

Jagan continues trying to stir the old racial fires, went so far as to boycott the constitutional conference. Burnham merely ignores him, and with Finance Minister Peter D'Aguiar, head of a small multiracial party, has helped work out a constitution that offers the hope of a prosperous, stable and democratic future. Elections will be held under a system of proportional representation. To broaden the government base even more, the Prime Minister will be required to consult with the opposition on such matters as key appointments in public service and the judiciary. Guyana, as the new nation will call itself, intends to remain a member of the British Commonwealth—and hopefully join the OAS family of hemisphere nations.

PEOPLE

The judges in London included such stalwarts of the realm as the Marchioness of Tavistock and former Cricketer Sir Learie Constantine, as well as experts from the colonies: Broderick Crawford and Johnny Mathis. After they had observed all the forms parading across the red-carpeted stage of the Lyceum ballroom, they decided that once again, Miss United Kingdom was obviously Miss World. Regal (5 ft. 8 in., 37-24-37) **Lesley Langley**, 21, also obeyed the traditions by weeping prettily. "As



LESLEY LANGLEY
Double favorite.

there was a British winner last year," she gasped, "I did not think I should be chosen because there might be allegations of favoritism." And sure enough, after leggy Lesley had been crowned, Miss U.S.A.'s manager began suggesting that "I am not suggesting there is anything funny about this . . ."

*Esenin, dear, Russia has changed
And I do not like to say
It has changed for the better,
But to say it has been for the worse
would be dangerous.*

Nonetheless, **Evgeny Evtushenko**, the bad boy of Soviet letters, was at it again, this time kicking up a few vaguely dangerous poetic heels at the party during a Moscow meeting on the 70th anniversary of the birth of the great Russian village poet, **Sergei Esenin**. In his 52-line *Letter to Esenin*, Evtushenko raged oratorically on about how the "red-cheeked Komsomol leader thunders with his fists at us poets and wants

to knead our souls like wax." The lines rang a bell for **Sergei Pavlov**, the red-cheeked secretary of the Komsomol (Young Communist League). He stormed out of the meeting and returned with four militiamen to arrest the bard, but backed off when the crowd of young poetry lovers staged a stormy protest of their own. Dear **Esenin**, Russia has changed.

Dictating letters to cancel out the rest of his 1965 appointments calendar, **Dwight Eisenhower**, 75, continued a steady recovery from the heart attack that struck during his golfing vacation at the Augusta National Golf Club. Out of the oxygen tent, Ike resumed a favorite hobby, painting, was wheeled out to the porch of his suite at the Fort Gordon, Ga., Army hospital and told reporters he was "fine, fine." At week's end, doctors arranged to move the patient on Monday to Washington's Walter Reed Hospital for convalescence.

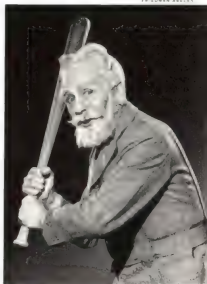
"This is the most significant day in the history of the great state of Florida," said Governor **Haydon Burns** fantastically. Possibly it was, for then fantastic **Walt Disney**, 64, announced that he will enrich the state's tourist folklore by conjuring up a \$100 million **Disneyland East** on 27,000 acres south of Orlando. "It's the biggest thing we've ever tackled," beamed Walt, who won't repeat **Disneyland West**, but isn't saying what goodies he has in mind. Burns had in mind a 50% increase in tourist trade, and straightway named Disney "Florida's man of the decade."

With a nod and a broader smile than he usually flashes at such ceremonies, Chief Justice **Earl Warren**, 74, looked down from the bench of the U.S. Supreme Court and intoned proudly: "Mr. Warren, I welcome you to the bar of the court." And with that, the Chief Justice admitted his son, **Earl Warren Jr.**, 35, a Sacramento attorney, to practice before the Supreme Court. Earl Jr. was formally presented to the Justices by an old judicial hand and personal friend, Washington Trial Lawyer **Edward Bennett Williams**.

Two years before he died in 1940, F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote to his only child: "In your career as a wild society girl, vintage 1925, I am not interested." Well, she never really was a wild society girl, and certainly not of that vintage, but now **Frances Scott Fitzgerald Lanan**, 44, has taken up a career that might fascinate her father. Scottie is writing about Washington society types, vintage 1965, for the *New York Times*. The trouble is that while Fitzgerald could sit down and wonderfully invent his parties in fiction, his daughter now has to track down all the gossip at balls and blasts. "Sometimes it's embarrass-

ing," says she. "When you're asked to a real fancy one, the hostess doesn't want you to write about it."

Had Shaw ever played the "inscrutable" game, he might have looked like that indeed, bending over the plate in knickers and Norfolk jacket and slamming line drives all over the field. The thought amused English Actor **Bramwell Fletcher**, 60, as he assembled his evening of Shavian sport, *The Bernard Shaw Story*, a one-man show now playing in Manhattan. Fletcher gleaned a few lines from Shaw's 1925 essay "This Baseball Madness," and added them to his impersonation. Wielding his unlikely prop, Fletcher-Shaw muses: "As



FLETCHER-SHAW
Double play.

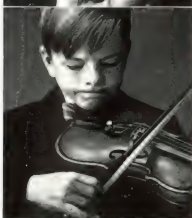
far as I can grasp it, baseball combines the best features of primitive cricket, lawn tennis, push-in-the-corner and Handel's *Messiah*."

Fast in the wake of *John F. Kennedy: Man of the Sea* and not so far behind the memoirs of **Artie Schlesinger** and **Ted Sorensen** comes yet another, *My Life with Caroline and John-John*, the chatty monologue of **Maud Shaw**, who was the Kennedys' faithful English nanny for seven years. She retired last spring, vowing that "my experiences are better kept to myself," but soon changed her mind. Despite "discreet" objections by **Jacqueline Kennedy**, her recollections began in the December *Ladies' Home Journal*. There are some homey anecdotes, such as the one about President Kennedy asking her when she was going to trim John-John's long hair. "What could I say?" she writes. "I couldn't say that Mrs. Kennedy wanted it long." She must have let on, though, because the President winked and said, "I know. If anyone asks you, it was an order from the President."

Now RCA, the company that makes tape recorders for Gemini, offers 9 tape recorders you can buy.

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Four RCA Victor Solid State snap-in cartridge models that load in seconds.

1 Just snap a tape cartridge into the Relay I or Relay II and you're ready to record. No messy rewinding, threading or tangling. Solid State throughout (transistors have replaced tubes) plus the Space Age reliability of RCA Solid Copper Circuits. VU meter recording level monitor. **2** Relay III has two 9" oval speakers, two 3½" tweeters in swing-out detachable enclosures. Sound-plus-Sound lets you add sound to previously recorded tape. Output jack for use with optional stereo headphones, VU meter. **3** Here's the audiophile's delight—the Module Mark I—a Solid State stereo tape cartridge recorder deck. Play through your own amplifier-speaker system. Frequency response is 50 to 15,000 cps (at 3½ ips).

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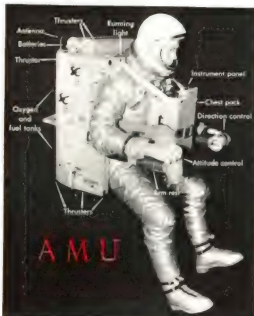
Here Comes the Flying Stovepipe

Though it is still in the stage of wind tunnel studies and drawing-board proposals, the much-heralded U.S. supersonic transport, which is scheduled to carry 150 passengers at speeds up to 1,900 m.p.h. by 1974, is already old-hat to some aeronautical engineers. They are working on a new and swifter generation of jets that will streak into the still unexplored speed range between the Air Force X-15's record 4,104 m.p.h. and the 17,500-m.p.h. velocities of orbiting space capsules. Designed for the near future, these scramjets (supersonic combustion ramjets) will be powered by an engine out of the near past—an advanced version of the pulse jet that boosted Germany's V-1 "buzz bombs" over Britain toward the end of World War II.

Lift from a Plane. Because the basic ramjet is just about the simplest power plant ever to be airborne, its promise has always excited aeronautical engineers. Unlike the conventional jet, it has neither a complex turbine nor a compressor; it is an open-ended cylinder, known as a "flying stovepipe," with only fuel injection and ignition systems inside.

To operate, it must first be accelerated to a speed of several hundred miles per hour by an auxiliary turbojet or rocket engine, or get a lift from a conventional plane. After that, enough air is rammed into the engine's front inlet to set up a pressure barrier that forces the burning gases to escape at the rear, thus providing thrust (see diagram).

Theoretically, an old-fashioned ramjet can fly through the atmosphere at almost unlimited velocities, but its top speed is limited to about 4,000 m.p.h. by practical considerations. The jet flame, burning conventional fuels, tends to blow out at supersonic flight speeds



SPACE

Inside While Outside

By the time Astronaut Charles Bassett climbs out of the Gemini 9 some time next year to take a walk in space, the very name of his mission—EVA (for extravehicular activity)—may have to be changed. Bassett will be not so much outside one vehicle as inside another. His air-conditioned suit with its \$6,000-1,000 backpack containing 166 lbs. of assorted gadgetry will amount to a spacecraft in itself.

Perfected after six years of research, the sophisticated AMU (for Astronaut Maneuvering Unit) that is built into the space walker's backpack will give Bassett singular agility. It is powered by twelve small hydrogen peroxide thrusters that can propel it in any direction; it has its own fuel tanks, running lights, gyroscopes, and an alarm system that warns the wearer by flashing lights and sounding beeps in his earphones if fuel or oxygen is running low. With its own hour-long oxygen supply, storage batteries and radio and telemetry systems, the AMU does not even need the "umbilical cord" that was used to supply oxygen and radio communication to Astronaut Ed White when he walked outside Gemini 4.

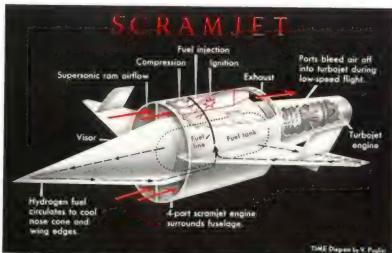
Flying by Eyeball. An AMU-equipped astronaut will maneuver through space by manipulating control knobs at the end of each of two projecting arms—the right knob for attitude, the left for direction of motion. Should he want to turn to the left, for example, he will turn the right knob to the left, automatically firing two thrusters that rotate AMU counterclockwise around its own axis. To move backwards, he will pull back on the left control knob and activate forward-firing thrusters. If an astronaut has to use both hands for other jobs, he will move into the proper atti-

tude, then throw a stabilizer switch and use his AMU's gyro-controlled stabilizer system to "park" in space.

Despite AMU's elaborate controls, maneuvering in space without the radar and computer guidance available in full-size spacecraft—called "eyeballing" by astronauts—can be both difficult and dangerous. A three-second burn from the backward-firing thrusters, for example, will increase an astronaut's forward velocity by one foot per second. Because there is no air friction to slow him down, the astronaut will have to use his forward-firing thrusters for exactly three seconds to stop his forward motion as he approaches his destination. If his timing is inaccurate, he may crash into his target or wind up bouncing back and forth like a celestial ping pong ball.

Tethered by Nylon. Mastering orbital mechanics, the physical laws that govern the motion of an orbiting satellite, will be even more difficult. When an astronaut is behind his Gemini capsule he cannot simply increase his speed to catch up with it. Increased speed will put him into a higher orbit, which will make him fall farther behind. To overtake his Gemini capsule, he will have to fire his downward and forward thrusters alternately until he edges close to his target.

Aware of the risks, NASA has insisted that Astronaut Bassett remain attached to Gemini 9 by a 200-ft. nylon tether. If both Bassett and AMU perform satisfactorily, however, the astronaut who leaves Gemini 12 in an AMU may well be allowed to sever his last connection with the mother ship and strike out into empty space on his own.



TIME Diagram by V. Pugh



*A most
unusual car
for people who
enjoy the unusual*

Corvair's lively spirit appeals to a certain kind of person. Its agility pleases anyone who *likes* to drive, who wants more from a car than just bread-and-butter transportation.

Corvair's sporty way of handling shows up in its easy steering. The way it corners. The disdain it shows for ice, snow, or mud.

And Corvair is distinctive. It's a rear-engine car (the only one built in America), so there's less weight over the wheels that do the steering, more on the ones that need traction. Even the way it saves you money is special (for instance, the air-cooled engine has no radiator to go wrong, never requires antifreeze). And only one other American car (Corvette) gives you the road-gripping ride of 4-wheel independent suspension.

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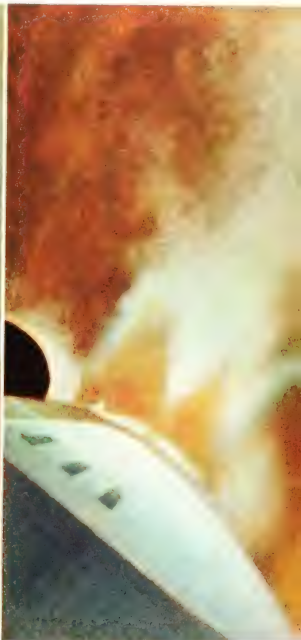


Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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First space

This structural section of the S-IVB at the Douglas Missile and Space Systems Division has undergone fantastically torturous design and development tests to assure the perfection required for man's first flight to the moon.



Here is one of the test stands at the Douglas Sacramento Test Center. At this modern complex in California's old gold mining country, static firings of the Saturn S-IV and S-IVB have been accomplished.





photos show separation of Saturn S-IV

Preview of man's voyage to the moon: This is how the S-IV, predecessor of the top stage of the mighty Saturn lunar rocket looked in a recent flight test as it separated from the main booster section. These photos show the S-IV stage, which has been 100 per cent successful in its 6 flight tests. The advanced S-IVB is now being ground tested in Sacramento and Cape Kennedy. It will be the third stage of the Saturn V rocket which will thrust the Apollo vehicle into Moon orbit before 1970, for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Both the S-IV and S-IVB are built by Douglas for the NASA-Marshall Space Flight Center.

IN THE AIR OR OUTER SPACE
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And a grand race it was. The *Natchez* and the *Lee* coursed the Mississippi through fog and whirlpools and

treacherous waters. Three days and 18 hours later the *Lee* steamed into St. Louis, setting a record. The *Natchez* paddled in six hours later, a glorious loser.

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THE ATLANTIC COMPANIES

ATLANTIC MUTUAL • CENTENNIAL • 45 Wall Street, New York

(above 720 m.p.h. at low altitudes). If it is to keep burning and providing thrust, the ramjet needs an inlet shaped to generate its own shock wave, which will slow passage of air through the combustion chamber to a subsonic flow. Above 4,000 m.p.h., however, such an inlet design could cause excessive temperatures and pressures in the combustion chamber, and thrust would be drastically reduced.

Hydrogen Cooling. These apparent limitations dampened interest in further ramjet development work until late last year, when Marquardt Corp. scientists convincingly demonstrated a practical method of maintaining combustion in a supersonic flow of air. Using hydrogen, which has a low ignition temperature, burns rapidly and provides high thrust, they kept an experimental scramjet burning in air moving as fast as 7,000 m.p.h. By redesigning their engine's inlet to allow it to gulp air at supersonic speeds, they were also able to eliminate the excessive temperatures and pressures. And they proved that useful thrust could be produced at flight speeds in excess of 17,000 m.p.h.

The hydrogen fuel also promises to pay an extra dividend. To be kept in liquid form, it must be stored in refrigerated tanks at a temperature of -423°F . And since a plane moving at scramjet speeds will be seared by the heat of friction as it moves through the atmosphere, the frigid hydrogen will make an ideal coolant to be pumped through the skin of wings and fuselage before it is burned.

Kick into Orbit. Sure that an experimental scramjet plane can be produced within six years, the Air Force has established a Scramjet Technology Division at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton and has already begun awarding scramjet research contracts to aerospace companies.

For space application, the Air Force is thinking about a stubby-winged scramjet encircled by its own cylindrical engine. It would be carried to an altitude of about 125,000 ft. by a more conventional plane and released at a speed of 3,500 m.p.h. The scramjet would then accelerate under its own power to a speed of 15,000 m.p.h. and soar to a height of about 180,000 ft., beyond which there is not enough oxygen in the atmosphere to support combustion. At that altitude, a small hydrogen rocket motor would be used to kick the scramjet out of the atmosphere and into orbit.

After delivering supplies to a space station, say, the scramjet would fire retrorockets, re-enter the atmosphere and fly back to earth. It would be capable of landing at any large airport with the aid of a turbojet engine, which would begin operating at lower speeds after the scramjet engine is shut down and bypassed. A 500,000-lb. scramjet might well be able to carry as much payload into orbit as a 4,000,000-lb. multistage rocket.



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THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

Curtis' Green Acres

In 1961, for the first time in its history, the Curtis Publishing Co. finished the year in the red. Its losses amounted to more than \$4,000,000. After that, the troubles of the proud publishing empire that likes to trace its lineage back to Benjamin Franklin grew worse. In both financial and publishing circles, faith in Curtis' future became as scarce as advertising in Curtis' magazines. Now the talk has turned—not because of some suddenly successful publishing coup but because of a profitable real estate deal.

Last month Curtis negotiated the sale of 110,000 acres of mineral-rich Canadian land, as well as 141,000 acres of Pennsylvania forest, to Texas Gulf Sulphur. The transaction should bring in some \$24 million, which could wipe out most of Curtis' \$28 million bank debt—down from \$36 million after the sale of Curtis' Lock Haven, Pa., paper mill earlier this year. "We are over the hill," says the vice chairman of Boston's First National Bank, Serge Semenenko, the financier who put together a \$35 million loan for Curtis in 1963 and has been riding herd on the company ever since. "The first phase has ended," Semenenko says. "That was to save the company. The second phase is about to begin: an infusion of talent, brains, funds; possible acquisitions; relations with others."

Down to Bedrock. Behind such determined optimism remains the harsh fact that Curtis is still losing money. By selling assets, however, and cutting the *Post* from 45 issues a year to 26, the company has held its 1965 losses to an estimated \$6,000,000, compared with last year's \$14 million. As a result, the

company's money men feel that their operation has been vastly strengthened.

After World War II, Curtis expanded into a fully integrated organization involved in every aspect of publishing—from the felling of trees for its paper mills to the printing and distribution of its magazines. Such integration saved money as long as business was brisk and Curtis' own magazines enjoyed heavy sales. When business slackened, the paper and printing plants were forced to operate well under capacity. "We are now down to bedrock," says Semenenko, who doubts that any more Curtis assets, including the venerable office building in Philadelphia, will be sold.

Curtis has also made a substantial recovery from the internal revolt that shook it last year. When Editor in Chief Clay Blair Jr., whose policy of "sophisticated muckraking" involved the *Post* in costly libel suits, tried to oust President Matthew Culligan, Curtis dumped them both. But not before the entire organization had suffered. The Culligan-Blair regime was a textbook example of mismanagement. Now that Blair is gone and Culligan has been replaced by John Clifford, a one-time NBC vice president, the editorial operation appears to be calming down. "For years we've heard nothing but the snap of the juckals and seen nothing but huzzards overhead," said *Post* Editor William Emerson. "Now it's time to get a crop in."

There are even signs of a revival of advertiser confidence. The *Post*, which suffered a 38% dip in ad revenue in the first nine months of this year, expects to gain substantially in the first half of 1966. With the exception of *Holiday*, all the other Curtis publications—*Ladies' Home Journal*, *Jack and Jill*, *American Home*—should also show gains. To be

sure, the upturn may only reflect the fact that magazines in general seem headed for a banner year in 1966. Still, Curtis believes it has convinced its critics that the *Post*, once rumored to be folding, will survive.

Tantalizing Tax Bait. After reduction of the massive debt, management is now in a position to talk of acquisitions: profitable radio or TV stations, perhaps—the sort of properties that might appeal to Newton Minow, the retired FCC chairman who was hired as special counsel. On the other hand, Curtis itself now looks like an attractive target for another company seeking to improve its financial position through a merger.

Curtis' losses over the past five years give it a tax-loss carryover amounting to \$40 million, which can be applied against some future earnings. A prosperous company merging with Curtis would enjoy some of that tax deduction—provided, of course, that it convinced the Internal Revenue Service the merger was not merely a tax-evasion gimmick. This would probably require keeping Curtis' major magazines publishing, at least for a while. And if the merging company happened to be in the communications field, there would be the added necessity of convincing the Justice Department that the deal did not involve violation of the antitrust laws. This eliminates some big companies that have been mentioned in merger rumors; the real merging partner will probably turn out to be a surprise.

Semenenko admits that in his 35 years of doctoring sick companies, he has never faced one quite so sick as Curtis. Hearst, which called on his services 25 years ago, was burdened with a debt of \$150 million, but it had no problems like the internal rebellion that racked Curtis. Nevertheless, Semenenko is now satisfied that he is not facing his first failure. Says he: "We showed them we were people who would not get scared and run."

Two Views of Viet Nam

The debate over the Viet Nam war has produced a rash of newsletters, proclamations and manifestoes, most of which are forgotten almost as soon as they are written. Two new magazines devoted to the subject, however, seem determined to last as long as the war. *Viet-Report*, a monthly, stands foursquare against U.S. policy in Viet Nam; *Vietnam Perspectives*, a bimonthly, generally backs it. The magazines agree on hardly anything, not even basic facts. "Communism is the only regime capable of saving Asia from anarchy, misery and extortion," says a writer in *Viet-Report*. Replies a contributor to *Perspectives*: "Communism is like a disease of the body that must be stopped before it spreads to the vital parts."

Both publications are circulated largely on college campuses. *Viet-Report*, the larger of the two with a press run of 40,000, is edited by comely blonde Carol Brightman, 26, an English instructor



SEMENENKO



PHILADELPHIA HEADQUARTERS

Over the hill and away from the buzzards.



CLIFFORD

at New York University. "U.S. policy," she charges, "is not based on reliable information. Public compliance to expansion of the war has depended on the restriction of the truth at home."

Viet-Report draws heavily on the reports of European correspondents; it also has some staff contributors, who like to march in anti-war parades when they are not writing. Supported by a \$3,000 grant from the University Committee of New York, a group of New York teachers, the magazine has run articles on the "failure" of U.S. counter-insurgency, the weakness of the Saigon government, an account of U.S. "bombing atrocities" in North Viet Nam.

Perspectives, which has a press run of 15,000, is published by the American Friends of Vietnam, a decade-old organization of 150 concerned citizens* with varying political views, united in the belief that Viet Nam should be spared Communist dictatorship. The contributors, mostly academicians or Government officials with considerable experience in Viet Nam, have turned out well-researched articles on Communist control of the Viet Cong, on how North Viet Nam broke the Geneva agreements. But the magazine offers no dogmatic solution of its own. "We want to show that extremes are not the alternatives in Viet Nam," says Executive Vice Chairman Gilbert Jonas.

A reader may be unsure which magazine to believe. But there is one reliable tip-off. *Perspectives* admits that the U.S. has made many mistakes in Viet Nam; *Viet-Report* will not concede a single U.S. success.

PUBLISHERS

The Collector

"I believe in the hell-fire and brimstone," said Lord Beaverbrook as he tried to engage Fellow Publisher Roy Thomson in a religious discussion. "Well, I'll tell you my idea about that," replied Thomson, who had purchased a newspaper in Edinburgh a few years back. "When I first got to Scotland, a fellow said, 'Are you a Presbyterian?' and I said, 'I am now.'" "Oh my God," groaned Beaverbrook, giving up.

To Beaverbrook, practical, plain-spoken Thomson was a new and alarming enigma in the publishing world. With disarming candor, Thomson always admitted that he was in the newspaper business only for profit. "I buy newspapers to make money to buy more newspapers to make more money," he once announced. "As for editorial content," said the Canadian-born publisher who at 71 owns 128 newspapers and 80 magazines, "that's the stuff you separate the ads with."

Dimes for Tips. In Roy Thomson of Fleet Street, Thomson's first biography, Australian Writer Russell Braddon skill-



ROY THOMSON



WITH RUSSIAN SOLDIERS DURING WORLD WAR II

Editorial content is the stuff between the ads.

fully retraces the publisher's dedicated pursuit of the dollar. Thomson is not an easy man to write about, but Braddon has made the most of meager information. Myopic but energetic, Thomson went to work at 14 for a rope factory, where he soon exhibited a "passionate devotion to money." He took time off only to marry a red-haired girl named Edna. "One of the best selling jobs I ever done," he commented.

At 24, Thomson decided to become a farmer in Saskatchewan, but the bleak and lonely life sent him scurrying back east. "Goddam, what a fool I am," he berated himself. He turned to selling radios in desolate northern Ontario, then discovered that people heard only static. So he built his own radio station. When the Timmons, Ont., Citizen pressured him to drop a certain news program, Thomson angrily bought out the paper for \$6,000. Inadvertently, he had started his publishing empire.

Anxious to improve the paper, Thomson mailed 100 dimes to small-town papers around the U.S. and asked for copies. He pored over them for days looking for tips. He began to buy up other small Canadian newspapers, but he insisted that each paper be the only one in town; if it was not, he forced the competition to sell out by cutting ad rates to the bone. He applied the same stringent budget to every paper, keeping tabs even on glue and pencils. But editorially, he left the papers alone. "If any of our editors were to come out against either God or the monarchy, I guess we'd have to do something, but failing that," he shrugged. When he ran for Parliament in Toronto in 1953, some of his own papers did not support him. He lost the election by 2,400 votes.

Dazzled by Color. Everywhere he went, the genial Canadian chilled fellow publishers by eagerly asking "Wanna sell?" At first, they usually said no, but later they often said yeah. When he

ran out of papers to buy in Canada, Thomson shifted overseas and bought Edinburgh's venerable Scotsman. He took advertising off the front page and perked up the news coverage. He waded into television, setting up Scotland's first commercial channel. He bought Lord Kemsley's newspaper chain in 1959 and found himself on Fleet Street as the proprietor of the august Sunday Times.

From Fleet Street, Thomson moved in every direction, gobbling up papers in Africa, the West Indies and the U.S., as well as in England. Thomson started a Sunday Times color supplement in 1962. He lost \$2,000,000 the first year, but after that the Times's circulation jumped 120,000. Desperately, the other London papers rushed to get their own color supplements into print.

Lately Thomson has begun to change his image a little. "I am not," he protests, "a very charitable man." Nevertheless, he set up a \$14 million foundation for education in Africa. In 1963, he celebrated the first birthday of his color supplement by flying a group of British businessmen to Moscow to meet Khrushchev. "Under our two systems," Thomson told Khrushchev, "I am a capitalist and have come up, and you're a Communist and have come up." Thomson takes his self-appointed role as a broker between East and West so seriously that he went to Moscow again last September to have a chat with Kossygin.

Thomson was also determined to have a peerage. When he discovered that Canadians are not eligible for that honor, he became a British citizen and kept badgering everyone he knew in British politics, including Prime Minister Macmillan. Finally, last year he got his peerage and decided to call himself Lord Thomson of Fleet. Why had he gone to all the trouble? "It was the best way to prove to Canadians that I'm a success."

* A sampling: Max Lerner, Senator William Dodd, Senator Hugh Scott, Roger Hillsman, Representative Emanuel Celler.

MUSIC

SINGERS

Lonely As a Lark

A strapping man (6 ft. 2 in., 203 lbs.) with a greying Vandike beard strode on stage at Manhattan's Town Hall last week. An imposing figure in white tie and tails, he waited as the 27-piece Esterhazy Orchestra played the first lilting strains of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*. Then, clasping his hands, Alfred Deller began to sing. The contrast was startling: out of this burly frame poured the extraordinarily high, bell-clear voice of that rarest of all male singers, the countertenor.

A freak? Not at all, just a voice so seldom heard today as to sound strangely neuter at first hearing. But once the ear adapts to Deller's pure, vibratoless voice spiraling effortlessly up through the range of the female alto, the effect is entrancing. In two Handel arias, it floated lightly and lonely as a lark above the bustle of the orchestra. The performance had all the fresh appeal of a lost art rediscovered, which, in fact, it is. Deller is now 53, but when he first achieved recognition, he was the first virtuoso countertenor in 120 years. Almost singlehandedly he has sparked a revival of interest in baroque vocal music.

The Knife. From the Renaissance through the 18th century the countertenor was the most popular singer in Europe. Monteverdi, Bach, Handel, and especially Henry Purcell, himself a countertenor, composed a wealth of lute songs, folk ballads, cantatas, hymns, operas, madrigals and carols for the male alto. The rage for the high-pitched male voice also helped give rise to the *castrati* singers—boy sopranos castrated before puberty. In 18th century Italy, parents received a handsome fee for each son to go under the knife. But with the dawning of the romantic era in the 19th century, the delicate voices of the *castrati* and the countertenors were drowned out by the growing volume of the orchestras, and countertenors were generally displaced by contraltos. "Let's face it," says Deller, "those romantics wanted something a bit more sexy."

The face of the inevitable snickering that the countertenor is unmanly, Deller wears a weary smile, answers simply: "I have two sons and a daughter." To those who are repelled by the sound of his voice, he says, "That's a problem they should work out with their psychiatrist. There are lots of men with fine countertenor voices, but because of the stigma they were trained as baritones. Fortunately, I never had any voice lessons, and so my voice developed naturally."

The youngest of seven children, Deller was born in the seaside town of Margate, England. His father taught boxing and fencing at private schools, and under his coaching, young Deller



DELLER AT TOWN HALL
A one-man renaissance.

became a crack soccer and cricket player for the Kent County team. He began singing with the church choir at ten, but when his voice failed to change significantly after six years, the choirmaster advised him to quit lest he permanently injure his vocal cords. He had a brief fling with the local opera company but left because the director made him rehearse with the ladies' chorus. He took a job in a Sussex furniture store and married the owner's daughter.

No Oozy Wash. At 28, against almost everyone's advice, Deller gave up his promising career in the furniture business to sing with the Canterbury Cathedral choir. His salary as a choir singer was only \$600 a year, and he supplemented his income by working as a farm hand for 9¢ an hour, pedaling his bicycle twelve miles a day to and from work. Then in 1943, Composer Michael Tippett, in search of a lead voice for a series of Purcell concertos, auditioned Deller. "In that one moment," recalls Tippett, "the centuries rolled back. Deller's voice is like no other sound in music, and no other sound is so intrinsically musical." His debut was a grand success, and at 31 he found himself a one-man renaissance hailed by London critics as responsible for "the rebirth of the countertenor."

The renaissance so far has produced only some half a dozen other professional countertenors, including, most notably, the U.S.'s Russell Oberlin. To help perpetuate the species, Deller is grooming his older son Mark, 27, to assume his mantle: "His voice is exactly like mine—uncannily so." The resurgence of baroque music, Deller thinks, is led by the younger generation, who "have chosen to sidestep the romantics. They no longer want their ears invaded by the oozy wash of sound. They prefer instead to hear counter-

point, to hear the architecture of the music. It is a restatement of a fundamental truth that speaks across the centuries." And somehow it speaks most truly in the lofty blue-yonder voice of the countertenor.

COMPOSERS

The Crucial Enigma

"The devil is dancing with me! Madness, take me and destroy me!" So, in anguished scrawls, wrote Composer Gustav Mahler in the margins of his *Tenth Symphony*. Slowly dying of a streptococcus infection, he was torn between periods of black despair and intimations of immortality—all of which he attempted to pour into the five-movement *Tenth*, which was to be the last great testament of his life. But in 1911, before he could complete it, the disease killed him at the age of 51.

What Mahler left of the work was a patchy sketch of seemingly inscrutable calligraphy. In 1924, Composer Ernst Krenek stitched together the more fully outlined first and third movements, but abandoned the rest as unsalvageable. Then in 1960, British Musicologist Deryck Cooke set out to solve the enigma. Making a painstaking note-by-note transcription of Mahler's sketch, Cooke "found to my amazement that what I was slowly writing down was entirely intelligible and indeed fascinating music." Cooke's first version of the symphony, which he estimates is about 85% pure Mahler, was played twice over the BBC in 1960, then banned by the composer's widow, the late Alma Mahler Gropius Werfel. Three years later, upon hearing a tape of the broadcast, Alma was "so moved" that she approved "performances in any part of the world."

The U.S. premiere of Mahler's *Tenth*, or rather, "a performing version of a sketch," as Cooke protectively calls it, was presented this month in Philadelphia, followed by a second performance last week in Manhattan's Carnegie Hall. Played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, it was a rewarding achievement worth the waiting. The long, tragically beautiful opening theme is shot through with unutterable sadness. The rambling and slightly diffuse second and fourth movements bracket a brief, muddled middle movement entitled *Purgatorio*.

It remained for the 20-minute-long fifth movement, which one critic called "among the very greatest things that Mahler has left us," to lift the pall of futility. The doom-laden thump of a muffled drum, an idea that Mahler conceived one day when he heard the drums of a funeral procession passing his Manhattan apartment, intrudes repeatedly, driving back the forces of light. Then, unfurling slowly, the divergent strands of the opening themes are resolved in a finale of radiant transfiguration, ending as serenely as oncoming sleep—or death. "The *Tenth*," says Cooke, "holds the secret of Mahler's final settling of his account with life and fate."

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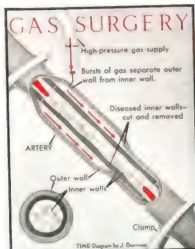
SURGERY

Hewing the Fat

When he began to feel pain, coldness and weakness in his left leg, the 65-year-old amputee recognized all too well the classic symptoms of hardening of the arteries. The disease that had already claimed his right leg was now attacking his left. As a last resort, two young doctors from the New York Downstate Medical Center in Brooklyn suggested trying a new surgical technique that they had only tested on animals and human cadavers. Their method, they said, might save the leg.

The problem the surgeons faced was familiar. An artery consists of two inner layers and a "back-up" outer layer which the flowing blood normally never touches. In arteriosclerosis, a fatty substance hardens along the inner layers and clogs the blood flow. The trick is to clean, remove or bypass those inner layers. Surgeons once commonly slit open the artery along the length of the diseased portion and scraped out the offending matter; more recently they have been bypassing or removing the entire section and replacing it with a synthetic graft.

Downstate's Dr. Martin Kaplitt, 26, and Dr. Sol Sobel, 40, offered an operation that was both simpler and quicker than standard techniques. Along with Kings County Hospital's Dr. Philip Sawyer, they clamped off the diseased section at either end, then injected carbon dioxide between the outer and inner layers of the artery. With the two layers thus separated, it was relatively easy to make a small incision and snip off the ends of the diseased inner layers, then pull them out. After the incisions were sutured and the clamps removed, the blood immediately began flowing through the undiseased outer layer. The operation has been tried on various arteries in 14 other patients. Thus far, there have been no complications.



NURSING

Get Up & Live

Cupped in a patch of wooded hills in Issaquah, Wash., some 15 miles southeast of Seattle, a one-story building rambles comfortably across a meadow. A clear creek ripples near by, filled at the moment with salmon heading upstream to spawn. There is an air of bustling activity about the place, a liveliness that is surprising because the rustic building is a nursing home. It is one of an increasing number that are teaching their patients to get up and live rather than follow the old nursing-home formula of lie down and die slowly.

At Dr. John L. Whitaker's Issaquah Villa, every patient who is able to get up is routed out of bed at 8 in the morning. They are encouraged to wander the grounds; each afternoon everyone is invited to formal tea. Whitaker and his staff, which includes his energetic wife Mary as administrator, carefully address each of the 86 patients by name, even those who are close to senility. Such continuous and careful respect for the individual is an important part of the Whitaker therapy. "Our aim," says the husky, gentle doctor, who was a crack Marine transport pilot in World War II, "is to rehabilitate each one to his greatest capacity."

Leaving Alive. That attitude sums up a noteworthy change in U.S. nursing homes. "In the past they have been associated with preterminal care," says Dr. Philip Lee, the Health, Education and Welfare Department's assistant secretary for health and scientific affairs, "but increasingly nursing homes serve in a rehabilitative capacity. The emphasis is no longer on care that is merely custodial." And he guesses that 80% of nursing-home patients eventually leave alive.

The trend is sure to continue. This January the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals will begin a voluntary program for nursing homes. The commission will have 1,750 homes accredited at the start, out of a U.S. total of some 10,000. And it will have a growing power to encourage improved standards in the rest. By January 1967, Medicare will begin paying benefits for oldersters who require nursing-home care. Those benefits will cover a so far unspecified "reasonable cost" and will be granted only for patients in homes that meet Government standards.

Nonterminal Case. There would be no problem at all if more of the homes were like Issaquah Villa. For John Whitaker is one of a growing number of doctors who realize that nursing homes have become a necessary and important extension of overcrowded hospitals. In the better homes, a patient can get what care he needs during a simple convalescence or rehabilitation



DR. WHITAKER (LEFT) & PATIENTS
Each to his greatest capacity.

without paying the astronomical costs of an extended stay in a hospital. The average cost of similar care in a hospital is \$30 a day; it can be obtained in a nursing home for half, or sometimes a third the price.

Dr. Whitaker, a busy general practitioner, was so concerned for his aging patients who had no place else to go, that he decided to start Issaquah Villa in his "spare time"—that is, when he was not attending to the daily 50-patient load of his regular practice and helping to raise his eleven children and his black Angus cattle. Even with all those demands on his energy, he has been able to operate profitably a home that ranks with the best in the U.S. What's more, the unusual presence of a doctor as medical director, rather than a registered nurse or less well-trained personnel, has helped set a tone that has resulted in some remarkable recoveries.

One boy of 18 who had suffered severe head injuries in an automobile accident, and had undergone three brain operations plus extended treatment in a hospital, was sent to Whitaker on the theory that he would soon die and needed only minimal care until he did. Though the boy had failed to regain consciousness for six weeks, the staff at Issaquah immediately took a special interest in him. He got all the standard medication for someone in his condition. But beyond that, staff and family were instructed to talk in his room as if he could hear them. Daily, remarks and greetings were directed at him. Some of the nurses even came in on days off, along with the Whitakers, to say hello to the unconscious teen-ager. Then one afternoon, three months after arriving, he showed a dim but encouraging response. Within another seven months the supposedly terminal case was discharged. He was well enough to begin retraining for a useful life.

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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

Organization Man

Every desert has its oasis. Television has George Schaefer. Now that *Playhouse 90*, the *Alcoa Hour*, *Kraft Theater* and *Studio One* have gone, Schaefer's *Hallmark Hall of Fame* is virtually the only greenery left. The other directors spawned in the golden days of live and tape television—Arthur Penn, Sidney Lumet, John Frankenheimer, et al.—have all gone to graze in the lush pastures of Broadway or Hollywood. Only Schaefer still does business at the same old stand. For him 60 feet of studio space still offer acres of opportunity and fulfillment, as he proved with last week's *Inherit the Wind*.

It was hardly a fresh *Wind*. The fictionalized treatment of the 1925 Scopes "Monkey Trial" was a 1955 play; the 1960 movie version has been run and rerun on television. But despite the script's many previous lives, Schaefer, employing Ed Begley and Melvyn Douglas from the Broadway cast, managed to make this reincarnation seem new and important.

First-Night Feeling. His secret is neither the fire of genius nor the flash of inspiration. Others may be more daring and original; they have streaked like comets across the screen and disappeared. Schaefer has lasted for 13 years and may go on for 13 more. For in a medium run by networks and advertising agencies, he has something more potent than mere brilliance: organization.

He insists on an unheard-of three weeks' rehearsal for a 90-minute play. To achieve the "first-night feeling" of a Broadway opening, he shoots the play in sequence—an expensive indulgence no Hollywood studio can afford. Under Schaefer's hothouse treatment, actors blossom. Says Schaefer: "They know they're not going to be cut up into little pieces and put back together again at the laboratory."

For Schaefer, organization has paid dividends ever since his World War II army days, when he found himself assigned to a Special Services unit under the command of Major Maurice Evans. After some 50 wartime shows, including *Macbeth* and the *G.I. Hamlet*. Civilian Schaefer directed *Civilian Evans in Hamlet* on Broadway, went on to the Dallas State Fair for six seasons, co-produced (with Evans) *The Tea-house of the August Moon*, and then settled in for a long run at *Hallmark*.

Calling the Shots. Over the years Schaefer's efforts have garnered some 17 Emmy awards for him and his actors. As a result, a parade of stars from Mary Martin to Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, who ordinarily shun TV, have allowed themselves to be shrunk down to 21 inches simply because they knew Schaefer would be call-

ing the shots. Said doughty Trevor Howard after taping *Eagle in a Cage*: "I'd play Mickey Mouse for him. I trust him. He is one of the few directors for whom I would work script unseen." Emmy Winner Julie Harris calls Schaefer "positively inspired."

Only Melvyn Douglas finds fault with



SCHAEFER & DOUGLAS
Business of the same old stand.

Schaefer—and even then he is apologetic: "There was one scene [in *Inherit the Wind*] with a little mild profanity," recalls Douglas. "The word was passed that the agency wanted the scene out. Schaefer said he'd fight for it, but in the final version it came out. Still, George is really a nice man, and he is organized. I can't tell you how important that is."

MOVIES

The Return of Batman

In a college town, who today outdraws *Dr. Strangelove*, outlocks *Gone With the Wind*, and breaks all known records for popcorn sales? It's not a bird or a plane but, of all things, *Batman*. The 1939 comic-strip creation of Bob Kane, which Columbia Pictures filmed in 1943 as a 15-episode serial, has now been spliced, end to end, to produce a 248-minute marathon of fist fights, zombies and ravenous alligators. Last week it was packing the house at an off-campus theater near the University of Illinois, and Columbia plans similar orgies in 20 major cities.

Time was when no Saturday-afternoon kiddie movie was complete without a Batman-and-Robin episode. Children roared their approval as the "dynamic duo" burst through windows, grappled with thugs and wrestled with wild animals in their lengthy pursuit of the evil Japanese Dr. Daka. Batman fell into cinematic and literary obscuri-

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ty during the comic-book cleanup of the '50s (in 1954 Psychiatrist Fredric Wertham compared the relationship of Batman and Robin to "a wish dream of two homosexuals living together"). But in the Great Society, everyone lives better, and Batman and Robin have recently been rehabilitated into high-camp folk heroes.

Neanderthal Roars. Some oldsters come because "I saw one episode when I was eleven and wanted to know how it came out"; the majority are meeting the movie Batman for the first time. In either case, the reaction varies in pitch from light snickers to Neanderthal roars. Audiences giggle at Veteran Overactor J. Carroll Nash's portrait of Dr. Daka, hoo the opening episode's racist slurs: "A wise government rounded up the shifty-eyed Japs." But by the time Batman lies trapped in a pit with knife blades converging on him, the audience stops laughing, starts chanting: "Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Richest sources of comedy are the stars, Batman (Lewis Wilson) and Robin (Douglas Croft). As Socialite Bruce Wayne and his ward, Dick Grayson, the two actors draw sneers every time they appear in their '40s street clothes (huge, wide-brimmed fedoras, oversized suits with cantilevered shoulders); when they change to their fighting costumes (masks, jersey pajamas, capes, Jockey shorts and boots), Wilson and Croft prompt more laughter than any other pair since Laurel and Hardy.

Their puffy, unathletic leaps are a satire of comic-book prowess, and the plots are at the same level. Why should Batman's badly produced, amateurishly acted one-reelers do so well 22 years after they were released? Offered one Columbia executive: "Comic-book heroes are the only heroes we have nowadays." Said one Batman: "It's pop art." Says another: "Where else can you get entertained for four hours for a huck and a quarter?"

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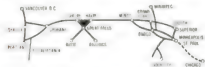
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THE THEATER



JASON ROBARDS



ANNE BANCROFT

Hysteria from a hunchback.

Bothered & Bedeviled

The *Devils* is a tale of demonic possession and human spite fashioned by the late English playwright John Whiting from events that took place in the French provincial town of Loudun in the early 17th century. Father Urbain Grandier, a worldly priest, was accused by a hunchbacked prioresse, whom he never met, of having possessed her and the nuns of her convent with satanic frenzies of lust. Having incurred the envy of fellow clerics, the malice of middle-class malcontents, and the enmity of Cardinal Richelieu for opposing certain policies of state, Grandier was convicted of diabolism, tortured, and burned at the stake.

What a playwright reads into historical material of this sort depends on the glasses he puts on, but what he extracts from it as vital drama depends on his inner vision. Whiting puts on every pair of interpretive glasses he can find, but no unifying viewpoint animates or directs the play.

The nuns, predictably, are seen through Freudian glasses: "Secluded women—they give themselves to God, but something remains which cries out to be given to man." Existential lenses are trained on Grandier: "Expendable, that's what we are. Nothing proceeding to nothing." Richelieu and his ruthless envoys are seen through the "power corrupts" bifocals. The Catholic Church is looked at through the horn-rims of the egalitarian mystique: "It is vital that the church must be protected from the democratic principle that every man must have his say."

There are also binoculars of voyeurism, forbidden sights for jaded sensibilities, the peek over the convent wall at hysterical women who, if they were not clanking at nuns' habits, would simply be pathetic creatures in a snake pit. And what of Grandier kissing his young

mistress and marrying her to himself with the benediction of the Kyrie eleison? This scene is essentially a closeup clinch in a vast anticlerical spectacular directed by Michael Cacoyannis with all the spurious gravity of a Hollywood Bible epic.

The cathedral vault of a set, the candlelit processions, the Greek-chorus choreographies of the nuns, the lofty airborne stage platforms—all of these testify less to the flexibility of the stage than to a drama hopelessly tethered to externals. It might have been redeemed if the performances showed inwardness of spirit—a shortcoming hard to account for in such professionals as Anne Bancroft and Jason Robards. Neither seems possessed of God, merely bedeviled by life. Bancroft's hysterical frenzies are technically expert, but they are turned off and on, spigot fashion, as if willed rather than suffered.

Robards seems to sleepwalk through the first two acts. In Act III, when he is shaved, humiliated and tortured, he charges his role with power. At that moment he bears the semblance of a tragic hero, but only the semblance. The playgoer feels pity, not for Grandier (for the playwright never makes him real), but for the blood dripping from his cruelly mangled feet. When he was high and mighty, he showed more doubt than pride. When he is fallen, he seems more full of pain than understanding. The tragic purgation of suffering transcended by self-knowledge evades the playwright, and the play.

Fantasies in Mittyland

Skyscraper is a statistical rarity—a perfectly average musical.

Julie Harris plays an antique dealer who is bent on saving her little brick house in mid-Manhattan from the bulldozer. The encroaching girders of a new skyscraper are stalking her, and the bidding is brisk—\$165,000 for her

Rutherford B. Hayes era dwelling. Julie has a two-track mind, and she is forever dream-goofing into funny fantasies in Mittyland with her effete shop assistant, amusingly played by Charles Nelson Reilly. But when she is present in tense and sense, Julie is staunch and she is bright. She knows that the crass entrepreneurs of the skyscraper plan to sheathe it in—pardon the expression—aluminum. A handsome young architect (Peter L. Marshall) shows her his original plans: not aluminum but glass. Once the builders agree to erect the glass box, Julie caves in, house and heart. Good skyscraper gets girl.

For a musical ostensibly about the New York that is, *Skyscraper* is jarringly out of tune with the temper of the town. When the entire city has finally become hotly landmark-conscious, here is a musical that aligns itself with pluto-philistines bent on up-ending another giant translucent sardine can in the sky. Typically way off key is a cringe-making number that hymns, for the umpteenth time, the glories of New York. John Lindsay knows how old-hat that one is.

A few hot embers glow in this musical ashen. Choreographer Michael Kidd has contributed a kinetic build-it-yourself skyscraper dance that is a cross between a fertility rite and a Creative Playthings toy. It sometimes looks like a block-long frieze of girls' rumps in a fine frenzy rolling. There is also a cute rye-humored display of mass delirium in a delicatessen. The score—placebo placid—soothes without stimulating.

Julie Harris is a diminutive tower of strength. As ever, she plays two roles, the one that is written and the one that is unconsciously self-imposed. With each performance she acts out the urge that made her an actress; and the pluck, yearning and will behind that vocation make the playgoer root for her even while the plot ensures her defeat.



HARRIS & MARSHALL
Delirium in a delicatessen.

RELIGION

SOUTHERN BAPTISTS

Toward Integration

The Southern gentlemen who founded the Southern Baptist Convention with the defense of slavery as a key motivation would be shocked at the Baptists' Christian Life Commission. Battling the deeply segregationist feelings of millions of members of the nation's biggest Protestant denomination, the commission is inexorably turning Southern Baptist opinion toward the acceptance of Negroes as equals.

Last week 3,500 delegates of the North Carolina Baptist Convention condemned the Ku Klux Klan and its "perverted use of the Christian Cross." The week before, the Baptists of Virginia passed a resolution acknowledging "before God our partnership of guilt in the long, dark night of injustice and discrimination," and resolved that all Virginia Baptist congregations be encouraged to organize local Christian Life Commissions.

Sin Against God. The Christian Life Commission became a full-fledged agency of the Southern Baptist Convention in 1947 with the ostensible aim of bringing Christianity to bear on everyday life—the family, daily work, citizenship, race relations. It remained an organizational starveling until Foy Valentine became its executive secretary five years ago. A scholarly, witty Texan of 42, Baptist Preacher Valentine now runs a staff of three men and two secretaries, from a well-appointed office in the headquarters building of the Southern Baptist Convention in Nashville. On a budget of \$90,000, he supplies written materials to local congregations, conducts conferences and discussion groups in the six Southern Baptist seminaries, and speaks all over the South.

"I am not suggesting that we lightly cast aside our cherished Southern traditions," Valentine likes to say. "I am suggesting that we throw them aside with great vigor wherever they violate the spirit of the Bible." His objections to segregation are firmly religious. "We need to abolish racial discrimination in our country and our churches not because of a clause in the Constitution or because of the Communist challenge, nor yet because we need the votes of the watching world. We need to conquer race prejudice because it is a sin against almighty God and a rejection of the precious blood of Jesus Christ, his only begotten son."

Support from Moyers. Foy Valentine's message is getting across; there are currently branches of the commission in 14 Southern states. Valentine is a friend of Press Secretary Bill Moyers and says that Baptist Moyers is "just as interested in what we are trying to

do as I am," Valentine observes that "whereas Southern Baptists, like most other denominations, have been prone to reflect the culture, there are encouraging signs that we are more interested in reflecting the mind of Christ regarding race and other moral issues. We are abandoning the culture which has had us very much its captive, and we are abandoning it in favor of Christ."

VATICAN COUNCIL

"Pious Bookkeeping"

The votes came thick and fast as the 2,300 prelates assembled for the Second Vatican Council hurried to make the deadline for the four-year council's end on Dec. 8. By sizable majorities they approved, in principle, the 30,000-



SELLING INDULGENCES IN THE 16TH CENTURY
Kissing the Pope's ring remits 300 days.

word schema on The Church in the Modern World, though there was some vociferous minority naysaying—notably from some conservatives who deplored the schema's encouragement of a "prudent" dialogue with atheists and from some Americans such as Archbishop Philip Hannan of New Orleans, who took exception to the schema's stern condemnation of atomic weapons and its scant suggestion of their peace-keeping capabilities.

Pope Paul VI took the floor of St. Peter's to promulgate two decrees: one on revelation (TIME, Nov. 5), which redefines the relationship between Scripture and tradition; another on the laity, which promotes laymen from the classical "pray, pay and obey" position to a role of Christian witness with less supervision from the clergy. Paul also announced that he will start proceedings for the beatification of Popes Pius XII and John XXIII, which could lead to canonizing them as saints.

As a corollary duty, the bishops, at the suggestion of the council's leaders,

aired their views on a proposed reform of that ancient issue, the granting and gaining of indulgences. The resulting discussion reminded the world that this extraordinary set of spiritual transactions is still in force.

From the Treasury. Indulgences first appeared in the 11th century. In those days, the time to be served in penance for sin was often so long that it stretched beyond the penitent's life expectancy, and the indulgence granted for some special act of piety enabled him to cut back on the sentence. Later on, indulgences came to be conceived as release from some or all of the accumulated punishment time in Purgatory; the church could draw on its "treasury of merit," an increment gathered from Christ and the saints. The plenary indulgence, canceling all temporal punishment in or out of Purgatory due for a forgiven sin, was deemed by St. Thomas Aquinas to be sufficient to enable a soul to soar straight to heaven.

The abuses of this divine bookkeeping discredited the church and triggered Martin Luther's defection, but the indulgence structure still stands. According to Canon 911, "all men are to value indulgences highly," and indulgences of differing lengths are granted for various acts. Uttering "My God and my all" carries an indulgence of 300 days. If, "with faith, piety and love" one says "My lord and my God" at the elevation of the host during Mass, one gets an indulgence of seven years. Kissing the Pope's ring carries with it a 300-day indulgence but a bishop's gets only 50. Ascending the holy stairs in Rome on one's knees, "whilst meditating on the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ," is worth nine years per step.

Insufficient Reform. Among other provisions, the new reform prepared for Pope Paul under the leadership of Fernando Cardinal Cento, 82, abolished the time period for indulgences altogether (they are little more than symbolic anyway, since only God could know what purgatorial punishment fits what sin). Many prelates, including those from the U.S., thought this modification sufficient, but a few highly articulate cardinals expressed themselves strongly enough to send it back for further study. Melchite Patriarch Cardinal Maximus IV Saigh of Antioch seemed to advocate dismantling the whole system, pointing out that for the church's first eleven centuries, "there was no trace of indulgences, and even today the Eastern Church ignores them. In the Middle Ages, abuse of indulgences made grave scandals for Christianity. Even in our day it seems to us that the practice of indulgences too often favors the faithful a sort of pious bookkeeping in which one forgets what is essential, namely, the sacred and personal effort of penance."

The attack was pressed, more obliquely, by Cardinals König of Vienna and Döpfner of Munich. Cento's docu-



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ment, they said, was too juridical, not Biblical enough, theologically unsound, and likely to widen the breach between Roman Catholics and other Christians. At the end, many of the assembled bishops broke into applause. In effect, until the indulgence system can be reformed profoundly it will not be reformed at all.

WORSHIP

Pop Prayer

Most Christians still feel content to express their prayers in 17th century English, laced with archaic court periphrastics and metaphors that derive from feudalism. On the assumption that these forms give God the reputation of being hard to talk to, the Rev. Malcolm Boyd has devised a hipper style of communicating with the Almighty. Episcopalian Boyd, who had a successful career in advertising before his ordination in 1955, and has since ministered to college students, last week published his orisons for the age in *Are You Running with Me, Jesus?*, a book of what Anglican Bishop John A. T. Robinson calls "pop prayers." Samples:

► "It's morning, Jesus. I've got to move fast—get into the bathroom, wash up, grab a bite to eat, and run some more. Where am I running? You know these things I can't understand. It's not that I need to have you tell me. What counts most is just that somebody knows, and it's you. That helps a lot. So I'll follow along, okay? But lead, Lord. Now I've got to run. Are you running with me, Jesus?"

► "Somebody forgot to push the right button, Jesus, so all hell broke loose. Airline schedules are loused up, somebody is shouting at somebody else who can't help the situation, a lot of money has been lost, and about two dozen people are caught up in a cybernetic tangle. We've missed our plane, which isn't our fault, and I was due in Chicago to participate in a meeting forty-five minutes ago. Please cool everybody off, Lord, including me."

► "This is a homosexual bar, Jesus. It looks like any other bar on the outside, only it isn't. Men stand three and four deep at this bar—some just feeling a sense of belonging here, others making contacts for new sexual partners. This isn't very much like a church, Lord, but many members of the church are also here in this bar. Quite a few of the men here belong to the church as well as to this bar. If they knew how, a number of them would ask you to be with them in both places. Some of them wouldn't, but won't you be with them, too, Jesus?"

► "It's bumper to bumper, and the traffic is stalled. I want to get home, Lord, but the traffic won't move. Really, it's too much. Don't ask me to be patient. Okay, I'll try some more to be human, but it's nearly been knocked out of me for one day. Stay with me; I can't do it alone. Jesus, thanks for sweating it out with me out here on this highway."



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THE LAW

LIBEL

Who Is a Public Official?

"Debate on public issues should be uninhibited, robust and wide-open," said the Supreme Court in 1964. In that famous decision (*New York Times Co. v. Sullivan*), the court ruled that a public official cannot collect libel damages even for false criticism of his official conduct unless he proves "actual malice." But who is a public official? The court did not say. As a result, lower courts have since extended the *Times* doctrine to reach "officials" ranging

Gilligan of any cause for action. Predictably, Gilligan's lawyer, Roy M. Cohn, countered by claiming that the doctrine does not apply to a minor, non-elected government employee—that Gilligan was entitled to sue on the ground of falsehood without bearing the heavy burden of proving actual malice.

Justice Nathaniel T. Helman of the New York State Supreme Court has just given the back of his hand to both sides. By virtue of his prominence in the hassle over police brutality, ruled Helman, Gilligan qualifies as a public official who must prove actual malice. Precisely because that malice must be proved, Helman continued, the defendant civil rights leaders must face trial. Meanwhile, Helman's precedent suggests that the *Times* doctrine may soon apply to any American in any capacity who becomes a figure in "public debate."

LITIGATION

The Champion

While leading countless assaults against Birmingham's racial barriers, a Baptist preacher named Fred L. Shuttlesworth has suffered four bad beatings, had his home bombed, and been arrested 22 times for everything from speeding to parading without a permit. Shuttlesworth, 43, believes in fighting every case just as far as he can. His belligerence has already taken him to the U.S. Supreme Court eight times—which makes him the most litigious individual in the court's 176-year history.

Last week the court reversed a Shuttlesworth criminal conviction for the fifth time, a record that all but makes him a one-man constitutional textbook. Main chapters:

- 1958: Shuttlesworth lost a challenge to Alabama's pupil-placement law when the Supreme Court declared the law constitutional, even though it seemed designed to perpetuate segregation.
- 1962: The court refused to review an 82-day rap for disorderly conduct. Shuttlesworth got that one during his 1958 effort to desegregate Birmingham buses. His crime: not moving to the rear of a bus.
- 1962: Shuttlesworth sought a writ of habeas corpus in the bus case, won a Supreme Court order that finally led to the voiding of his 1958 conviction.
- 1963: The court tossed out Shuttlesworth's 180-day sentence for aiding and abetting sit-in violations of Birmingham's trespass ordinance.
- 1964: Out went Shuttlesworth's 180-day rap for arguing with Birmingham's police chief while the latter was taking Freedom Riders into "protective custody." Alabama's highest state court had refused to review the case because Shuttlesworth's lawyers petitioned on the wrong-size paper.
- 1964 (same day): In the historic libel decision of *New York Times Co. v.*

**WANTED
FOR
MURDER**



GILLIGAN, THE COP

HARLEM DEFENSE COUNCIL

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ANTI-GILLIGAN POSTER

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The latest such case involves Thomas R. Gilligan, the New York City police lieutenant who was off duty when he shot and killed a 15-year-old Negro in 1964, thus triggering six nights of rioting in Harlem and Brooklyn. Gilligan became the symbol of Negro demands that New York disarm off-duty cops and set up a civilian review board to curb police "brutality." Civil rights groups plastered Harlem with his picture under the heading **WANTED FOR MURDER**.

Gilligan was later exonerated in both grand jury and departmental investigations, which held that he killed in self-defense after being attacked with a knife. As a result, last May he filed a \$5,250,000 libel suit alleging that he had been falsely accused of murder by a flock of civil rights leaders, including Martin Luther King. Predictably, the defendants moved for dismissal on the ground that the *Times* doctrine stripped

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SHUTTLEWORTH UNDER ARREST (1960)
A one-man textbook.

Sullivan, the Supreme Court overturned a judgment against Shuttleworth and other civil rights leaders for running an ad in the Times that criticized Birmingham public officials.

► 1965: Out went another 15-day sentence for disorderly conduct while leading Freedom Riders in Montgomery.

Keep Moving. Last week the Supreme Court confronted a loitering conviction that Shuttleworth earned in 1962 when a Birmingham cop ordered him and his companions to move along. "You mean to say we can't stand here on the sidewalk?" asked Shuttleworth. "Yes," said the cop. As the others dispersed, Shuttleworth walked into a store, where the cop arrested him for blocking the sidewalk outside. A nonjury trial netted Shuttleworth a sentence of 241 days at hard labor.

By a vote of 9 to 0, the Supreme Court upheld the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund argument that Shuttleworth's conviction denied him his constitutional rights. In a tart concurring opinion, Justice Abe Fortas lambasted the conviction as a "façade" for hounding Shuttleworth because of his leadership of Negro store boycotts. Shuttleworth may have annoyed the cop, said Fortas, "but a policeman's lot is not a happy one—and certainly, in context, Shuttleworth's questions did not rise to the magnitude of an offense against the laws of Alabama."

Keep Litigating. Perhaps more significant, Shuttleworth this month also won a reversal of his 1963 conviction (90 days at hard labor) for parading without a permit in Birmingham. That reversal came from Alabama's own highest state court. Despite his latest victories, Litigant Shuttleworth is not quite ready to retire. In Cincinnati, where he now runs a Baptist church, he is in a legal skirmish with some of his own parishioners, who charge him with usurping the church trustees' financial power. For all anyone knows, that fight may wind up in the Supreme Court too.

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ART

PAINTING

Merry Mimes

By 1600, European painters found themselves losing the Renaissance reverence for Greco-Roman antiquity. Following the Italian artist Caravaggio, they stopped looking backward and returned, as artists have done repeatedly throughout history, to the direct observation of the visible world. What they saw was a growing middle-class life in an ever more secular society, and they depicted it with theatrical relish.

Nowhere did the bourgeoisie bubble with more prosperity than in The Netherlands—and newly rich burghers invested much of their wealth in art. Patronage grew so great that as early as 1560 in Antwerp alone, there were more than three times as many working artists as there were butchers. Today most painters of that period are forgotten, but occasionally an unfamiliar name such as Hendrick Terbrugghen establishes a new reputation more than three centuries after his death.

Before 1900, Terbrugghen was known by little more than his signature. Thirteen years ago, only three of his works were in the U.S.; now there are 15 (out of 90-odd authenticated in the world). In the Dutchman's first exhibition anywhere, all those from U.S. collections are on view at Ohio's Dayton Art Institute and are scheduled to move to the Baltimore Museum of Art. Their baroque realism, their tickling highlights, merry laughter and moralizing mien have established Terbrugghen as a forerunner of Vermeer, La Tour and Rembrandt.

Stolid Dutch burghers wanted genre scenes, not Biblical pageantry. Terbrugghen did his requisite of martyrs and evangelists, but it is his fleshly sinners that were his daily bread. In 17th century Holland, where drinking, smoking, gambling, even lute playing were casti-

gated, the artist's twaddling codgers, topleless prostitutes and leering rakes mime ribald vignettes.

What Calvin inveighed against, Terbrugghen painted with brush in cheek. The typical Caravaggioesque huddling of figures unified by a single artificial light source lacks Caravaggio's brooding shadows, instead glows with an incandescent warmth. In the dumb show, hands are more expressive than faces. Terbrugghen was making morality playlets, but his sympathy seems to lie on the side of the sinners and the senses.

MUSEUMS

Broken Harness

Whenever museum trustees and the director fall out, the art world braces for a struggle of mythological proportions. Almost inevitably, it is the embattled director who is seen as Jason; the trustees are billed as the golden fleecers. Too often such a storybook approach ignores not only the subtleties involved in any corporate relationship but also the stresses and strains produced in seeing a huge cultural enterprise through its birth pangs.

Such is the sad case in Los Angeles, where trustees of the new Los Angeles County Art Museum, open just eight months, voted unanimously to dismiss their director, Harvard-trained Richard F. Brown, 49. He leaves for a new post as director of a planned museum in Fort Worth, which will house the multi-million-dollar collection of the late Kay Kimbell. But for Brown, who had been director since 1961, when the old county museum was mostly mastodon tusks and geological specimens, parting was such sour sorrow.

Cultural Deprivation. Having succeeded in the nearly impossible task of delivering the new museum, largest to be built since Washington, D.C.'s Na-

tional Gallery, Brown in recent months found himself backed into an impossible situation with the trustees who had bankrolled his dream. "We would have preferred to see Ric go on the friendliest of terms," said one trustee, "probably with a big civic dinner and all flags flying." But Brown, who still ranked at his short tenure, could not resist a farewell blast: "Individual board members have forced decisions and taken unilateral action not consistent with good museum administration." Not so, replied Ed Carter, president of the board of trustees and head of California's Broadway-Hale stores. "The board's decision to request Brown's resignation was based primarily on his demonstrated inability to deal adequately with the administrative problems of a major art museum."

What the barrage of acrimony was in danger of obscuring was the achievement brought off by Brown and the trustees while together in harness. Sprawling Los Angeles has long suffered from the guilt of cultural deprivation; it felt overshadowed by San Francisco, which boasts an opera house and no fewer than three museums. But in the span of seven years, a surge of civic unity has given Los Angeles a new \$33.5 million music center and, 6½ miles away, the terraced pavilions of the \$12 million art museum. Los Angeles has become the U.S.'s second art capital, no longer threatened with losing its collections of old masters to prestigious museums elsewhere.

Picasso & Pop. The museum was a triumph of individualistic donations. Its pavilions were named for their donors, the late realtor Leo S. Bing, Bankers Bart Lytton and Howard Ahmanson, who laid out a total of \$3,675,000. Industrialist Norton Simon gave a \$250,000 wad as well as a loan of \$15 million in art treasures. From the movie colony (Billy Wilder, Bob Hope and Burt Lancaster) came a flood of art from Picasso to pop. Capping it all was Simon's loan of the \$2,234,400 *Titus* by Rembrandt. To keep the floodgates open, the trustees started yet another \$12 million fund drive for new acquisitions.

After the opening, trustees could not resist tinkering with their new showcase. When the museum got a major acquisition, five trustees wanted it hung in five different locations. Says Brown: "There were too many cooks stirring the broth, and each wanted to stir it in a different direction. I just tried to get them to stir in the same direction."

Trustees, for their part, were irked that Brown was devoting too much time to organizing traveling shows (13 in seven months), too little to administration. The pressure was heavy on a staff of 150, one-seventh that of New York's Metropolitan, handling 1,700,000 visitors since opening, a record surpassed only by the Met.

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INTERIOR AT LOS ANGELES COUNTY ART MUSEUM

Too many cooks stirred the broth.



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was brought in, but it was too late. By then, says one trustee, "the air was so filled with recriminations that nobody could see straight." The board tabled the consultant's recommendations, then ousted Brown.

The brouhaha will probably continue for a while. A "Save the Museum Committee" has raised the issue of "professional v. amateur standards." The Los Angeles Times, pointing out that overall responsibility for museum operation rests with the trustees, admonished them "not to circumvent the director's authority in administrative or creative fields." More important, the Times recalled, "thousands of persons contributed to the building of the museum and all citizens share the sense of community pride it inspired."

With a good building, a sound and growing collection and Los Angeles' wealth to draw on, the museum should continue to spearhead a great city's obligation to its future.

New Wing for the Phoenix

The 1,400-mile stretch between Los Angeles and Kansas City was until recently fairly much an artistic dust bowl as far as museums are concerned. Not until 1959 did Phoenix, a man-made oasis in the red, rubble-strewn desert, get its first honest-to-goodness art museum, with a collection valued at \$2.6 million.

In fact, as Director Forest Melick Hinkhouse points out, before Phoenix had a museum, "the majority of the inhabitants of the state had never entered a museum or had anything other than a superficial awareness of the visual arts." What was lacking was not the will but the opportunity to view works of art. So enthusiastic was the response that the Phoenix Art Museum last week dedicated a new 51,000,000 wing, which tripled its existing space.

Rather than providing a show-off gallery for spectacular single works, the new quarters allow a historical layout of period rooms, include an education department, a 200-seat auditorium, a junior museum and a 2,500-volume art library. For the new sculpture court, Sir Jacob Epstein's widow gave six of his busts, including one of Somerset Maugham. Soon the Far Eastern gallery will put on display a distinguished collection of Han-dynasty pottery, on extended loan. Donald DeCoursey Harrington, a gas and oil investor living in Texas, has donated 47 paintings from Boudin to Vuillard that make the museum's survey of French art its most vital collection.

Quantity may substitute for uniform quality at present, but the museum is already a well-honed teaching tool. "We need art to look at," says Director Hinkhouse. "A properly arranged quantity of good art works which present history with taste is a start. That is the only way a museum can become a magnet for excellences, a watering hole for art."

Rockwell Report

by A. C. Daugherty
President

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In short, what will the atmosphere be after the "honeymoon" period of plant dedication, the creation of new jobs and the general good will that is normally generated at the beginning?

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* * *

Last month, a mid-western town in which we have a plant held an Industry Appreciation Week. There were plant tours, industry product exhibits, recognition issues of the local newspaper. The week was capped by a community-sponsored testimonial dinner to management representatives from companies with plants in the area. We think this community—and others like it—not only knows how to provide the right climate, but also has a pretty good idea of how to provide for future growth.

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* * *

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 22 basic markets.



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SPORT

PRO FOOTBALL

"Look at Me, Man!"

[See Cover]

The guest of honor at last week's luncheon meeting of the Cleveland Touchdown Club seemed the soul of mild-mannered urbanity. He broke his rolls before he buttered them. He politely said nothing about the veal cutlet. He refolded his napkin neatly when he was through. He wore a charcoal herringbone suit, and he buttoned his vest all the way—so only his tailor knew for sure about those 17-inch biceps, that 46-inch chest and that 32-inch waist. But the banquet toastmaster was not fooled for a second. "Gentlemen," he firmly announced, "I give you Superman."

Well, not quite. James Nathaniel Brown, 29, fullback of the National Football League's Champion Cleveland Browns, cannot leap over the Empire State Building—or even stop bullets with his chest. But it is sheer nonsense to try to convince the practitioners and patrons of pro football that Jimmy Brown is an ordinary mortal. After nine seasons in the league, Brown is regarded as a genuine phenomenon in a sport that shares the language ("blitz," "bullet," "bomb") of war. Pro football's stars are the samurai of sport—immensely skilled, brutally tough, corrosively honest mercenaries who respect each other almost as much as they respect themselves. In the critical company of his peers, the Baltimore Colts' Johnny Unitas is considered "a great quarterback, but if you beat his blockers, you beat him." Rookie Fullback Tucker Frederickson of the New York Giants is "strong right now, but in a year he'll hit a little less hard." And flanker Bobby Mitchell of the Washington Redskins is already "slowing down fast"—at the age of 30. There is only one player in the game today whose ability on field commands almost universal admiration, and that is Jimmy Brown.

Seven Out of Nine. When he tucks that 523 official N.F.L. pigskin into the crook of his arm and stutter-steps into the line, big (6 ft. 2 in., 228 lbs.) Jim Brown is without argument the greatest runner in professional football. In 1957, the first year he joined Cleveland as an All-America from Syracuse University and the Browns' No. 1 draft choice, he gained an incredible 942 yds. on the ground. He has not done that poorly since. Only eleven men in the N.F.L.'s 45-year history have gained 1,000 yds. or more in a single season—an accomplishment roughly equivalent to batting .400 in baseball or scoring 50 goals in hockey. Brown has done it seven times in nine years. He has led the National Football League in rushing for eight of those years, and in 1963 he gained 1,863 yds. to become

the only runner in history to pass the mile mark in a single season. By last week Jimmy had carried the ball a record 2,268 times in his career, gained a record total of 11,832 yds. (for a record average of 5.2 yds. per carry), scored a record 119 touchdowns.

Jimmy naturally has his off days: in one game against Baltimore in 1962, he carried the ball 14 times and managed the grand total of 11 yds. He also has his natural enemies. There are defensive men around the league who have dedicated themselves, their souls, their bodies to a holy war against Jimmy

er know. But he did, and he carried me, the mud and the ball right over the goal line." Latest to weigh in with ideas is Detroit Tackle Alex Karras. Recommends Karras: "Give each guy in the line an ax."

Nothing short of gang warfare is sure to stop Brown. "All you can do," opines Sam Huff, late of the New York Giants and currently playing middle linebacker for the Washington Redskins, "is grab hold, hang on and wait for help." There was a time, Huff recalls, when he could have sworn he had Jimmy's number. He actually flattened Brown singlehanded for no gain twice in a row. Then Sam succumbed to the temptation to rub it in. "Brown," he sneered, "you stink!"

The next thing Huff remembers seeing was the backside of a fire-breathing, chocolate-colored monster that burst straight up the middle on a trap play and streaked 65 yds. for a touchdown. "Hey, Sam," called Jimmy from the end zone, "how do I smell from here?"

Work Enough. Like most supermen, Jim suffers criticism badly because he has never had enough to get immune. He bristles when sports writers, mostly for want of anything else to carp at, suggest that he is a less than spectacular blocker on pass plays. "If they had another guy at Cleveland who was doing the running," he snarls, "I'd be the best blocker in the league." And like a lot of people with one great native talent, he would prefer to be recognized for something else, such as his occasional passing (four completions for 117 yds. in nine years) or receiving (253 catches for 2,406 yds.). "I don't like to be typed," he says. "I don't like to be thought of just as a guy who runs. I could gain 250 yds. in one day and still have



SUPERMAN
He bites, too.

Brown. None of them has yet won the crusade—although their ferocious determination speaks for itself.

A Philadelphia Eagles defender managed to get a clawing hand inside Brown's face mask, an infraction worth 15 yds. if spotted by an official. Jimmy exacted his own penalty by biting down hard. A Washington Redskins tackle tried to clothesline Jimmy, clubbing him across the throat with a rigid arm (also worth 15 yds.), and complained afterward: "He almost tore my shoulder off." Interference (automatic first down at the point of the foul) was supposed to be the stopper for Pittsburgh Steelers Linebacker John Campbell. "On one pass play this season, I was all over him," says Campbell. "I was sure I'd draw the penalty, but I didn't. Not that it made any difference. How he caught the ball with me hanging on him I'll nev-

er played a lousy game, I might have a 7-yd. average and not have taken advantage of half the opportunities given me. Yardage isn't the big thing. Winning the championship is. It means about \$6,000. That's what I work for—winning the championship."

Brown's main work is running. And that is work enough. Pro football today is dominated by thread-needle quarterbacks and jitterbug ends—except on the Cleveland Browns. About half of all offensive plays in the pros are passes. But on the Browns, 60% are running plays, and Jimmy Brown carries the ball on 62% of them—an average of 20-odd plays per game, Sunday in and Sunday out. The best passer in the game can be replaced; Baltimore's Gary Cuozzo demonstrated that last week when he took over for the injured Johnny Unitas and threw five TD passes to beat the Minne-

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ON THE GOLF COURSE
Kinks come out in the 70s.

sota Vikings 41-21. But there is no substitute for Jimmy Brown: he is the indispensable man—as Cleveland's own passer, Frank Ryan, is happy to concede. When Brown asks for the ball in the huddle, he gets it, no questions asked.

Last year, with Jimmy Brown rolling up 1,446 yds., the Browns edged out St. Louis for the Eastern Conference title; in the championship playoff Brown gained 114 yds., and Cleveland demolished favored (by seven points) Baltimore, 27-0. Last week the Browns took a long step toward their second straight playoff berth, as Jimmy presided over a 34-21 defeat of the third-place New York Giants. Cleveland's defense was not anything to brag about—it did not have to be. Not the way Butcher Brown was slicing up New York.

Bread & Butter. On the very first play from scrimmage, he caught a little flare pass and galloped 30 yds., leaving Giant defenders strewn in his wake. Over the next 45 minutes, Brown scored three touchdowns, and each was something to see. On the first, he started toward right end from the 3-yd. line, abruptly cut back, and while the Giants were twisted into pretzels, he literally walked across the goal. He ran 4 yds. straight through Giant Safetyman Jimmy Patton for his second TD, and his third brought satisfying animal growls from the throats of Cleveland fans. With the ball on the New York 17, Quarterback Ryan called a "Bread and Butter 19"—a slant play off tackle. Picking his way daintily through a tiny hole, Brown exploded at full speed into the Giants' secondary. Two defenders hit him—wham! wham!—at the 6-yd. line. Somehow, Jimmy kept his feet. Painfully, in a kind of slow-motion, he dragged them to the three, planted a foot, gave a

mighty lunge and pitched forward, hugging the ball to his chest. His knees landed at the one: the ball landed in the end zone.

While the rest of the Browns got in their licks (Ernie Green scored one TD, and Lou Groza kicked two field goals), the game belonged to Brown. In all, he carried the ball 20 times for 156 yds. That boosted his 1965 rushing total to 1,064 yds.—almost twice as much as his closest competitor, Philadelphia's Timmy Brown (no kin), and more than eight of the 14 N.F.L. teams have gained on the ground all season. Jimmy caught three passes for an additional 36 yds., and his three TDs gave him 84 points so far this year—tops in the N.F.L.

All He Does Is Run. Statistics aside, there is no way to fix Brown's place among the great running backs of history—except to say that he is different. Somebody will always insist that Jim Thorpe or Johnny Blood or Bronko Nagurski or Red Grange or Steve Van Buren was the best runner who ever lived. Thorpe was flamboyant and unpredictable; he could be very good when the notion struck him—or very, very bad; he was always at his best when he had a bet riding on the game. Nagurski was a runaway truck who was lucky to be bigger (at 230 lbs.) than most of the people he had to run over in the 1930s. Grange was a 165-lb. seatback, who never ran over anybody at all. Like Brown, he was accused of being a shirker at blocking: "All Grange can do is run," was the classic comment—to which Bob Zuppke, his coach at Illinois, retorted: "All Galli-Curci can do is sing." Van Buren, "the Flying Dutchman," of Coach Greasy Neale's 1948-49 world championship Philadelphia Eagles, was the first great modern pro running back; a bruising 200-pounder, he could run the 100-yd. dash in 9.8 sec.—and set a career ground-gaining record (5,860 yds.) that Jimmy Brown

buries a little deeper every time he pulls on his cleats.

In terms of pure style, the oldtimer whom Brown most resembles is the legendary Johnny Blood, whose real name is John McNally, and whose pro career spanned 15 seasons between 1925 and 1939, when writers could still get away with calling a football field a gridiron. McNally played for the Green Bay Packers and coached the Pittsburgh Steelers; now in his 60s, he spends his time "meditating," and Captain Ahab of *Moby Dick* is one of his favorite subjects. "Ahab," explains McNally, "had the courage of ignorance, comparable to the courage of a fullback playing his first season of professional football. He hurls himself against the line. But look at him at the age of 30. He will not be hitting the line with quite the same abandon. For the courage of ignorance, he has substituted the restraint, the caution of a little wisdom."

Which is the perfect way to describe Jimmy Brown. "At Syracuse," says Jimmy, "I was a slasher, a leverer. When I became a pro, I really became conscious of technique. I had to. In college you're running against a 230-lb. defense. But the pros are 260-pounders, and you're not going to run over them very often." By his own definition, Brown is an unorthodox runner: rather than depend on a play working out the way the diagram says it should, he relies on his instinct to sense the spot where a hole is about to open, on his reflexes and ability to get him there in time.

Limber Leg & High Step. "With Jim," says the Browns' offensive coach, William ("Dub") Jones, "a play diagram is really only a hopeful approach to the way a play will develop." Best example in the Cleveland repertory is the Option Seven, a Jimmy Brown special in which the opposing players are perversely permitted to pick Jimmy's route by the direction of their own defensive charge. It is all the same to Brown: if they



IN ACTION AGAINST NEW YORK: CLOSING IN ON GIANTS' PATTON (20)
Obstacles come in categories. If they're big he goes around

charge in, he sweeps wide; if they charge out to stop the end run, he cuts back off tackle. Each of the Browns' blockers is responsible for somehow disposing of one enemy defender (there is no prize for neatness), and Flanker Back Gary Collins fakes a "flash" pass pattern straight up the opposite sideline to draw off two deep men. Ideally, that should leave Jimmy just one safetyman to race to the goal line—and if worst comes to worst, safeties do not weigh 260 lbs.

Brown gets his power, speed and balance from his tremendously muscular thighs, which absorb so much punishment during a game that it usually takes three days for the soreness to disappear. (To help the healing process, he plays golf every Tuesday; he shot a 115 the first time he tried the game, but he now scores regularly in the low 70s.) To lighten his load, Jimmy wears no hip pads, has his thigh protectors stripped to the bare plastic. He accelerates so fast that he has been timed in 4.5 sec. for the 40-yd. dash, but he rarely gets a chance to stoke up full steam; instead he employs one or more of his patented evasive maneuvers, labeled and designed to discombobulate the defense.

The "Cut, Change Pace and Run By" is self-explanatory. The "Lumber Leg" is a lesson in Indian giving; Jimmy teasingly offers a defensive back his leg, then when the man grabs for it, he pulls it back and zooms on. A third maneuver called the "High Step" is a lengthened, knee-lifted stride designed to prevent a pair of converging tacklers from grabbing both legs at once. The worst moment for a defender comes when he finds himself face to face in the open field with on-charging Fullback Brown. Says Jimmy: "In one-on-one situations, you break guys into categories. If he's a lineman and he's four yards away, you figure to put a good move on him and go around. A line-

backer is quicker and therefore harder to fake. If he is three yards or less away, you drop your shoulder and struggle. If he's a small defensive back, you just run right over him."

Lord help the defensive back. At the instant of impact, Jimmy dips a shoulder, slams it into his opponent's pads, and crosses either with a straight arm to the helmet or a clubbing forearm directed at a lower and presumably more tender portion of the anatomy. Shudders San Francisco's veteran Matt Hazeltine: "He really shivers you. I wonder how many kayos he would have scored when there were no face masks?" In nine seasons, Jimmy has thrown so many punches that he has had water on the elbow, and his hands are gnarled and cross-hatched with scars. "I can't shake hands tightly any more," he says, "or even grip properly on a doorknob."

If all else fails, there is psychology: go limp, play dead; maybe the defender will let go before you hit the ground. If not, it may at least lull the defense (and give the fans a fright) to see Jimmy lying there for endless seconds like an empty pillowcase, then slowly—ever so slowly—drag himself to his feet and shuffle back to the huddle. Imagine everybody's surprise when, on the very next play, he comes cracking right back through the line—knees churning, forearm swinging as though nothing whatever had happened. And to think he once turned down a \$150,000 pro boxing offer by saying: "I don't like to hurt people."

Sweet Sue & St. Simons. Practically everybody who has ever come into contact with Jim Brown—on or off the field—has taken a fling at speculating on what makes Jimmy run. "Maybe it's inner frustration," suggests the Browns' owner Art Modell. "But no, Jim has too much talent to be frustrated." Brown himself shrugs: "I play the best I know how because I am a man." He is, that,

and he has been for as long as he can remember—because he has had to be. His father, a sometime prizefighter and golf caddy, off-time gambler and good-time Charlie named Swinton ("Sweet Sue") Brown, lives somewhere in Hicksville, N.Y. That is all Jim knows or cares to; he has never seen much of Sweet Sue.

Brown was born on St. Simons Island, one of a string of sleepy islets that stretch along 100 miles of the Georgia coastline, just a stone's throw away from the rich white resort of Sea Island. His mother went North when Jim was two to take a servant's job on Long Island, leaving him behind with his great-grandmother. His enduring recollections of St. Simons are bitter-sweet: crabbing, digging for buried treasure, rock fights with white boys, a restricted beach, a two-room segregated schoolhouse.

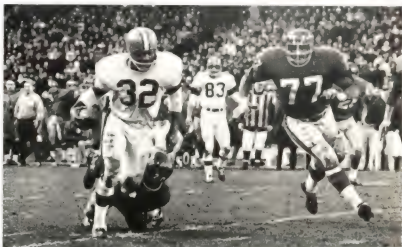
When Jim was seven, he was handed a box lunch and packed off by train to join his mother. The town of Manhasset, N.Y., has not been the same since. At eleven, Jim hauled off and socked a seventh-grade classmate who called him a "dirty nigger" during a basketball game. Recalls his coach, Jay Stranahan: "About five days later, I got a call from the other kid's mother. She said she didn't particularly agree with her son's sentiments, but she wondered how another boy her son's age could hit him so hard that he would be laid up in bed for a whole week." The answer to that quickly became obvious. "When Jim was 13," says John Peploe, a former Nassau County policeman who coached Manhasset's Police Boys Club team, "he played an unbelievable game of baseball. He would pitch a no-hitter and knock out a few triples and homers himself. One day he came to me and said he didn't particularly like the game. There wasn't much to it, he said."

To this day, any number of people on the street in Manhasset can recite Jim-



BLASTING PAST

... but if they're small, Lord help them, he runs right over them.



AWAY FOR A TOUCHDOWN



AT HOME IN CLEVELAND (JIM JR., KIM, KEVIN, WIFE SUE & JIMMY)
"I've met three or four beautiful people in my life."

my Brown's high school athletic record from memory. In three years at Manhasset High, Jim won 13 varsity letters in five sports. In his senior year, he made All-State in football, basketball and track. In football he played both offense and defense, averaged 14.9 yds. per carry; in the final game he personally stopped a last-ditch drive by rival Garden City High—making seven tackles in eleven plays—to assure his team its first unbeaten season in 29 years. In basketball he averaged 38 points a game, broke a scoring record set by Carl Braun, who later played for the pro New York Knicks and Boston Celtics. Jimmy played only one year of high school baseball, but that was enough to prompt an exploratory letter from Casey Stengel, then manager of the New York Yankees. What is more, Jimmy was a B— student, class president, and chief justice of the student court. Ohio State offered him a full four-year athletic scholarship. So did 44 other colleges.

Enemy in the Ranks. Playing it extra cool, he settled on Syracuse University, which not only offered him no scholarship but no encouragement either. A Manhasset attorney who just happened to be an Orange alumnus gave Brown a checking account with enough money to cover his freshman expenses, and Jim expectantly arrived on campus—to meet a decidedly chilly reception. It turned out that a previous Negro athlete had cut a prodigious swath through Syracuse's coed population, and, in his own words, Jimmy remembers himself as being looked on as "an enemy in the ranks—a potential troublemaker and a threat to Caucasian women." Things were not much better around the gym and the practice fields. The freshman basketball coach did not give Brown a starting assignment until the team's eleventh (of 15) game. Syracuse's foot-

ball coach, Ben Schwartzwalder, was in the process of building a big-time team, but Jimmy did not fit into his backfield plans; he suggested that Brown turn out for end. Jim refused, and at the start of his sophomore season he found himself listed as a fifth-string halfback on the varsity depth chart.

Schwartzwalder, of course, was too good a coach to overlook Brown for long. Before that sophomore year was over, Jimmy was first string in basketball and lacrosse as well as football; he also starred in track and became the first Syracuse athlete since 1939 to win four varsity letters in one year. Syracuse won only five games in Brown's junior year, but the run he made with a Holy Cross punt was a harbinger of things to come. Zigzagging from one sideline to the other, he reversed field three times; he was officially credited with a 55-yd. return, but spectators estimated he actually ran 170 yds. In his senior year, Jimmy gained 986 yds., led the Orangemen to a 7-1 season, the Lambert Trophy as the East's best college team, and a trip to the Cotton Bowl—where he scored 21 points in a 28-27 loss to Texas Christian. He also found time to be the second top scorer in the nation (with 43 goals) in lacrosse.

Going into its final game against Army, Syracuse's lacrosse team was undefeated—and, as luck would have it, there was a track meet with Colgate scheduled for the same day. Track Coach Bob Grieve persuaded Lacrosse Coach Roy Simmons to lend him Brown for one event: the high jump. Figuring that Jim would only have to jump three or four times (Grieve had assured him that the Colgate man could only clear 5 ft.), Simmons said O.K. Brown won on the high jump all right. But he was having too much fun to quit. He entered the discus throw, won that, and placed second in the javelin before Sim-

mons dragged him away. In the track meet, Syracuse beat Colgate by 13 points—the exact number Jim had scored. In lacrosse, Syracuse beat Army 8-6; Brown scored one goal, was credited with three assists.

Another Man Named Brown. When he graduated in 1957, Jim was All-America in both lacrosse and football, and he had his choice of two professional contracts—one with the football Browns, the other with pro basketball's Syracuse Nationals, who drafted him even though he had not turned out for the college team in his senior year. "He could have made it, too," says Classmate Vincent Cohen, a basketball All-America at Syracuse. But Brown chose football, signed with Cleveland for \$15,000—and it was not long before he began to have his regrets. The Browns were the proud personal creation of Coach Paul Brown, and the winningest team in pro football; in ten years they had won seven league championships—four in the old All-America Conference, three in the National Football League.

They would never win another as long as Paul Brown was coach. Moody, irascible, he stubbornly refused to treat his players as pros. "We will be the most amateur team in professional sports," he once told them. "I want you to think of the game first and the money second." He gave lectures on how to dress. He insisted on calling every play from the bench; he tried installing a radio receiver in his quarterback's helmet, and when other teams started tuning in on his broadcasts, he switched to shutting "messenger guards" back and forth with his orders. "We were just a mechanical club," recalls Jimmy Brown. "We'd run a play and just stand there and wait for the guard to come in with

JOHN B. HUNTER/REUTERS



WITH WIFE ON MOVIE SET
Shooting for a second time?

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another. Maybe the quarterback's arm had been hit on the last play and was numb, but if a long pass play came in, we had to run a long pass." Still, for five years he obediently followed orders ("If the man tells me to run 50 times, I run 50 times")—and each of those five years he was the No. 1 rusher in the league.

Then, in 1962, the once all-conquering Browns slumped to a 7-6 record—and for the first time since he entered the N.F.L., Jimmy lost the rushing title, to Green Bay's Jim Taylor. Disgusted, Jimmy and six other players sought out Owner Art Modell, told him they were quitting unless Paul Brown changed his coaching methods. Modell came up with a different solution: he fired Paul Brown and appointed Blanton Collier as head coach. A quiet, methodical technician who tries to figure the exact mathematical probabilities of what opponents will do in any given situation, coaches a six-day week and turns his boys loose on their own on Sundays. Collier was just the tonic that the ailing Browns—and Jimmy Brown—needed. In 1963, Jimmy had the best year of his career, and the team climbed to second place in the Eastern Conference. Last season they fought their way to the top of the league. Jimmy Brown's reward for that was the \$10,000, diamond-studded Hickok Belt as 1964's Professional Athlete of the Year.

"Keeping In." Now Jimmy seems to be shooting for still another title: Most Controversial Athlete of the Year. Flashy, arrogant, casually indiscreet, he drives a red Cadillac Eldorado, brags that he owns so many suits that "I might lose one in the cleaners and never miss it." He does not care much for people in general ("I've met three or four beautiful people in my life. The rest all have an angle")—and he does not care what they think of him. "I do what I want to do," he says.

Brown does not smoke or drink. But he has a penchant for "keeping in," as he puts it, with a full cross section of society, and he is as well known to the toughs and prostitutes on Cleveland's Hough Avenue as to the gentle people at charity affairs. He is married and the father of three children, but twice in the last year he has been publicly involved in incidents with other women. Last March in Whitehall, Ohio, a 21-year-old ex-Ohio State coed lodged a complaint that Brown had raped her; the matter was dropped when she refused to press criminal charges. Last June he was charged with assaulting an 18-year-old high school dropout in a Cleveland motel room. That case went to trial and Brown was acquitted.

Obviously, there are several sides to Jimmy Brown. There is the dignified young executive, of whom the Browns' owner Modell keeps insisting: "He has no chip on his shoulder." There is the idol of adoring kids, who patiently signs autographs by the hour and tries to answer each of the 150 letters he gets a

week. And there is the militant Negro who is the national chairman and chief benefactor (\$12,000 worth) of an activist organization called the Negro Industrial and Economic Union, and says: "I am skeptical of white men, because even the best of them want me to be patient, to follow Martin Luther King's advice and turn the other cheek until God knows when."

Last year Brown was deluged by criticism when he spoke out on behalf of the Black Muslims ("the more commotion the better")—although he does not share their separatist beliefs. Cleveland Sportscaster John Fitzgerald advised him on the air to pipe down and stick to football. Later, buttonholing Brown in the Cleveland dressing room, he ex-



BUSINESSMAN BROWN
Only his tailor knew for sure.

plained to him: "I've always admired you as a football player, Jim. I've never looked on you as a Negro." "That's ridiculous!" Brown snapped. "You have to look at me as a Negro. Look at me, man! I'm black!"

Everybody's looking. At least until 1967. His \$65,000-a-year contract with Cleveland runs out after next season, and Jimmy has been doing a lot of talking lately about retiring. And what then? Brown has already made one movie (*Rio Conchos*) for 20th Century-Fox; he has a contract for three more (at \$37,000 per flick). He has his own daily radio show in Cleveland, a side job as a marketing executive with Pepsi-Cola, another as a commentator on theater telecasts of boxing matches. What's more, remember how close Cleveland came to electing a Negro mayor last month? That suggestion has been aired around the Brown household, too.

BASEBALL

The Unknown Soldier

The only experience William Dole Eckert, 56, had with baseball was as a high school first baseman back in Madison, Ind. Last week the 20 owners of the major-league ballclubs elected Eckert to succeed Ford Frick for a seven-year term as baseball's \$65,000-a-year commissioner.

The theory was that Eckert, a retired lieutenant general, who collected a chestful of medals commanding a B-17 bomber group in Europe and later rose to Comptroller of the Air Force, would give the office back some of the dignity it had lost since autocratic Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis ruled the leagues from 1921 to 1944. So someone around the place would know something about the game, the club owners decided to install a "cabinet" headed by Lee MacPhail, 48, who was born into baseball (his father was once president of the New York Yankees) and who will sell his interest in the Baltimore Orioles to take the \$40,000-a-year job.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Michigan State: a 12-3 victory over Notre Dame, which was the nation's highest-scoring team (33 points per game); at South Bend, Ind. The No. 1-ranked, Rose Bowl-bound Spartans put the finishing touches on a perfect (ten victories, no losses) season by rolling up 286 yds., holding the No. 4-ranked Irish to 24 yds. passing, minus 12 yds. on the ground. Michigan State's probable New Year's day opponent: U.C.L.A., which beat cross-town rival U.S.C. 20-16. In a battle of Ivy League unbeaten, Dartmouth's Mickey Beard scored two TDs and passed for a third as the underdog (by 64 points) Indians snapped Princeton's winning streak at 17 games, 28-14. Obviously, it doesn't pay to make Arkansas mad. Texas Tech was leading the No. 2-ranked Razorbacks 17-14 at halftime: the final score was Arkansas 42, Texas Tech 24. Harvard beat Yale 13-0. Other scores: Washington 27, Washington State 9; Tennessee 19, Kentucky 3; Purdue 26, Indiana 21; Ohio State 9, Michigan 7.

► Craig Breedlove, 28: another world land speed record (his second in three weeks), becoming the first man ever to drive a car at 600 m.p.h., when he averaged 600.6 m.p.h. for two runs through the measured mile in his jet-powered streamliner *Spirit of America*; at Bonneville, Utah.

► Bret Hanover: the \$151,252 Messenger Stakes; at New York's Roosevelt Raceway. Backed down by the bettors to odds of 1-5, the three-year-old-hay colt took the lead at the start and stayed there, beating Tuxedo Hanover by half a length to sew up the Triple Crown for pacers (he had already won the Cane Futurity and Little Brown Jug) and record his 45th victory in 48 races.

Over a year ago, Eastman Kodak invited Bell & Howell to Rochester to hear some great news. We haven't had a full night's sleep since.



The news: Kodak's remarkable Super 8 home movie film.

The breakthrough: Super 8 comes preloaded in its own cartridge. You just slip it into a movie camera and shoot.

So for over a year now we've been staying up nights perfecting an all-electric Super 8 camera to slip it into. It's ready.

Drop in the cartridge, and you've not only loaded the camera, you've also set the film speed and filter.

Instantly.

What more could you ask for?

A powered zoom?

We've included one.

Plus the most sensitive electric eye around. And a new kind of precision lens system.

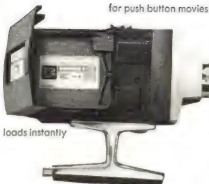
Sure we could have left all that out and still designed a perfectly decent Super 8 camera. Without ever missing a 5 o'clock whistle.

But we knew you'd take better movies with a Bell & Howell photographic instrument.

And you can't make those with one eye on the clock.



The Super 8 film cartridge



loads instantly

for push button movies.



Zoom out.



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Bell & Howell®

builds photographic instruments a little better than they really have to be.



TWIN TURBINE Boeing/Vertol helicopters now serve with U.S. Army, Marine Corps and Navy. Sea Knight assault helicopter (at top above) can carry up to 25 fully-equipped combat troops in "vertical envelopment" and other prime missions. It's operational with Atlantic and Pacific Fleet Marine Forces. The

U.S. Army's Boeing/Vertol Chinook (pictured with Sea Knight above) has been deployed to Viet Nam with the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile). Each Chinook can deliver a complete infantry platoon, or a complete artillery section, to assault landing sites. Chinook is U.S. Army's standard medium assault helicopter.

Capability has many faces at Boeing



SPACE maneuvers, such as rendezvous and docking, are simulated in Boeing Space Center. Pilots "fly" spacecraft, controlled through computers, in simulated trajectories, velocities and approach angles of space docking missions.

WORLD'S largest rocket, NASA's Saturn V, will launch first Americans to moon. Boeing holds NASA contract for S-IC booster, developing thrust equivalent to 160 million horsepower.



ORBITING EYE, a manned telescope to orbit earth 200 miles high, is subject of a Boeing study for NASA. Space telescope could penetrate 20 billion light years, compared to today's three. The Boeing study involves integrating orbital telescope with a manned space station.

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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Governing by Guideline

Government control of business can be mentioned only in whispers in Washington, and the slightest hint that the Administration might be considering such a policy has drawn pained denials. One of the President's top advisers last week dismissed as "silly" the idea that the aluminum-price rollback amounted to control. "Nobody," added White House Aide Joe Califano, "wants controls." Nonetheless, the Federal Government's influence over U.S. business is growing steadily more pervasive and persistent—and effective control of prices, by whatever name it is called, is part of that influence. Last week, as if to prove the point, the copper industry rescinded its recent price hikes just two days after the Government announced that it would sell at least 200,000 tons of copper from its stockpile.

No Autos. The Government's release of stockpiled copper was different from its aluminum dumping. Copper is in short supply, partly because of the increased demands of the Vietnamese war, and the industry actually welcomed the Government's release of the metal as a way to help avert bottlenecks. In fact, the industry had raised prices in response to increases abroad. But Defense Secretary McNamara, announcing the news at one of those evening press conferences that threaten to become habitual, left little doubt as to what he thought about copper's price rise—or anyone else's. "By definition," said McNamara, "a price increase is inflationary." Reacting even faster than the aluminum producers had, Anaconda and Phelps Dodge within 45 hours rolled back their 5½¢ price rise, cut the cost of copper from 38¢ to 36¢ per lb.

The Administration has thus served notice on U.S. business that it intends to block price increases by every means at its disposal, using the Viet Nam fighting, when necessary, to invoke restraint. If anyone did not get the message the first time, Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler repeated it in a tough Chicago speech. The Government is determined, he said, to "blow the whistle impartially on labor and business" for any moves "that threaten economic stability and expansion." Businessmen began to speculate what industry would next suffer the leverage of the Government's stockpile, which includes 77 items ranging from asbestos to sperm oil. Said General Motors President James Roche, answering a reporter's question: "We're very happy that the Government doesn't stockpile automobiles."

Sharper Controls. The stockpile maneuvers are, of course, only the most visible examples of Washington's increasing use of guidelines to force restraint on industry. Businessmen have been grumbling about the "voluntary" con-

trols in business spending abroad, and the Foreign Trade Council last week called for their abolition. Almost simultaneously, Treasury Secretary Fowler, Commerce Secretary John Connor and William McChesney Martin Jr., chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, appeared together to announce some bad but expected news: the nation's balance of payments, after running a brief surplus in the second quarter, showed a \$483 million deficit during the third quarter. That was 30% larger than the Administration had expected. As a result, the controls on business spending abroad will be sharpened and tightened. The 500 big U.S. corporations involved in the program will be asked next year to meet individual, Gov-

INDUSTRY

Ripples of Color

Running their assembly lines overtime, the 20 U.S. manufacturers of color TV are in the midst of a boom of major proportions. By year's end they will have sold 2,500,000 sets worth \$1.4 billion, an 80% increase over last year. In seeking to meet this heavy demand, the \$2.5 billion color TV industry is sending ripples of profits out to a host of satellite industries that provide it with cabinets, tubes, electronic components, dials, glass, antennas, even rare earth.

From Wood to Yttrium. Among the most pressed are companies in the normally placid furniture industry, which



MARTIN, FOWLER & CONNOR ANNOUNCING BALANCE-OF-PAYMENTS DEFICIT
Speak firmly and carry a big stockpile.

ernment-set ceilings on their dollar outlays for new plants or company acquisitions in foreign countries.

U.S. banks are also under voluntary controls on lending abroad, and have been pressured by the Administration into not raising interest rates at home. Some businessmen fear that the Government may soon impose tighter controls on capital moving abroad, put a head tax on tourist travel, or even require licenses to build plants overseas.

Confronted by soaring demand, rising costs and strained capacity—inflationary factors encouraged by the Administration's expansionist policies—businessmen feel squeezed between the irresistible laws of supply and demand and the immovable determination of Lyndon Johnson to keep a lid on prices. What the Administration seems to be demanding is restraint on a staggering scale, under loose rules and without force of law. Such indirect controls are difficult to administer and impossible to police equally; it remains to be seen how firmly the Administration will handle the next big wage-hike bid. But the message to business is clear: cooperate—or else.

has profited by a substantial return to wooden cabinets for color TV. Many companies have doubled or tripled production, are busy turning out decorator cabinets that can run the cost of a TV set (average: \$550) up to \$1,600. Both Miller TV Products Co. of High Point, N.C. (which supplies RCA and Motorola), and Drexel Furniture (which supplies Motorola) have greatly stepped up production to meet demand. Small Muntz TV Inc. recently bought into a Michigan cabinetmaker in order to protect its supply, and other TV makers are looking over cabinetmakers with an acquisitive eye. The increased TV work, meanwhile, has produced an unanticipated shortage of wood for hi-fi sets, pianos and organs.

The need for complicated electronic parts has given a new boost to the electronics industry. Advance Ross Electronics of Chicago, which makes the deflection yokes and transformers for most manufacturers, has increased its sales in two years from \$5.8 to \$12 million. MSL Industries of Chicago, which produces both tube fasteners and plastic injection-molded cabinets (with which



it hopes to fight Wood's new inroads), is spending \$8,000,000 to double its capacity, will hire 300 new workers. Corning Glass, the supplier of 90% of all the basic glass "bulbs" for color tubes, recently opened a third plant in Indiana to satisfy its customers' appeals for more tubes. Such producers of rare earth as Molybdenum Corp., American Potash & Chemical and Ronson, which supply the metallic elements europium and yttrium for the coatings that brighten color TV tubes, are rushing out orders at \$1,000 per pound.

High Cost. Color TV is also having its impact on advertisers. Before year's end, 60% of all commercials made will be in color. Once committed, advertisers find that color costs about 30% more (up to \$35,000 for a one-minute message), takes twice as long to make and often creates difficulties in the reproduction of a product's true tone and appearance. One agency rejected a commercial twelve times before its client was satisfied with the color; some packages, including Post Cereals and the Kroger Co.'s private labels, have had to be redesigned to appear more colorful.

Not surprisingly, the glow has spread to Wall Street. Shares in a formerly obscure company named National Video Corp. jumped from 97½ to 111½ in a single day after National announced it was doubling production of color TV tubes to 1,000,000 a year. Last week both Texas Instruments and Polaroid hit new highs on news that they were working together to produce a new, less expensive color tube—even though it may be years before the tube can be

marketed. Even TV repairmen are acting bullish again. Reason: color sets are more complicated to keep in order than black and white. Aware of the boom elsewhere, some TV repairmen now charge \$8 for a color call v. \$5 for attending a sick black and white set.

EXECUTIVES

What They Work At After They Quit Working

For the hard-driving men at the pinnacle of U.S. corporations, the idea of a life without work often seems painful. Yet more and more of them are being forced to retire at 65—an age at which the average U.S. man still has 14 years to live. One of the most troubling questions in U.S. business is what the corporation should do with its overage chiefs—and what they should do with themselves.

In the biggest companies, the trend is to cut off the former bosses rather sharply. Many of the retired themselves sympathize with that policy. Says Joseph B. Hall, former chairman of Kroger Co., the Cincinnati-based grocery chain: "I'm in favor of a retiring officer clearing out completely. The new chief executive should get every break." General Motors' John Gordon, 65, has seldom been seen at G.M. since he left the presidency in June. Ralph Cordiner, 65, retreated to the serenity of his Florida cattle ranch two years ago upon retirement as chairman of General Electric, emerged only briefly last year to head Barry Goldwater's fund raising.

Back Into Action. Money is not usually a problem. Pensions and deferred option deals usually equal one-third to one-half of the executives' working salaries, and in some cases much more. What the corporate celebrities really miss are the old powers, pressures and personal contacts—the feeling of being on the inside and the sense of responsible activity. Some companies (Honeywell Inc., American Express and Jersey

Standard, among others) try to fill the gap by giving their retired chief executives and directors a base for new activities; they provide them with office space, but it is usually segregated from the men at work.

Most pensioned chiefs try to swing back into action by getting onto the boards of charities, hospitals or universities. The discreet jockeying for such appointments can be intense. Perhaps the most prestigious board is that of Manhattan's Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital, which includes such former chief executives as American Telephone's Cleo Craig, Texaco's Augustus C. Long, Jersey Standard's Monroe J. Rathbone, and B.B.D.&O.'s Bruce Barton, along with some distinctly unruffled figures, such as General Motors' Frederic Donner and U.S. Steel's Roger Blough.

Westinghouse's former chief, Gwilym A. Price, 70, is now the chairman of the University of Pittsburgh's trustees, and has been assuming more and more responsibility at the financially troubled institution since Chancellor Edward Litchfield resigned last year. Equally prestigious, from the retired executive's viewpoint, is an appointment to a powerful (if nonpaying) position in public service. One such plum was won in October by Edwin M. Clark, 65, the recently retired boss of Southwestern Bell Telephone, who was picked to head St. Louis' industrial-development drive.

Their Own Businesses. Even better for older top executives—but rarer—is the opportunity to move to the chairmanship of another corporation, where they can supervise policy but avoid the grind of everyday operations. Los Angeles' Don Belding, 67, who retired from his advertising agency—Foot, Cone & Belding—is now executive committee chairman of Schick Electric Inc. Former Ford Chairman Ernest Breech, 68, who pulled the automaker out of financial chaos after World War II, is almost as busy as ever as chairman



BELDING



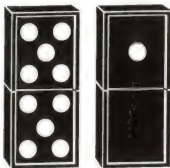
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of Trans World Airlines, has helped thwart attempts by Owner Howard Hughes to regain control. Charles H. Kelstadt, who retired as chairman of Sears, Roebuck in 1962 is now, at 69, the boss of Florida's General Development Corp.

Many other corporate old grads go into business for themselves, usually with considerable success. Kroger's Joe Hall has added to his retirement income (\$50,000 a year) by opening a fruit distributorship in Guatemala. Former Ford President John Dykstra has gone into an auto dealership with his son. Management consulting holds out particular attractions. Morgan J. Davis, 67, onetime Humble Oil chairman, has become a consultant to Houston's biggest bank and to other oilmen, also has an interest in drilling operations in Latin America. Says Davis: "I'm definitely not retired—just retired from Humble." In Minneapolis, former General Mills President Leslie Perrin and former Cargill Corp. Vice President Julius Hendel helped establish Experience, Inc., a clearinghouse for executives who want to use their talents beyond 65. Last week Clarence Randall, retired chairman of Inland Steel, returned from a five-week tour of Africa, about which he expects to write several articles.

The wives of such actively retired executives are often surprised that their husbands do not spend more time at home, but years of long hours without their men ("I married him for better or worse, but not for lunch") have accustomed the ladies to their absence. The retirees' doctors find few perils for the men who keep busy; former executives generally live longer than other men over 65 because they have had annual physicals, keep in shape, eat the right food—and do not have to worry about money.

CORPORATIONS

Tidying Up the House

"Once, two and two made three around here. Now it makes six."

So says Gordon Grand Jr., the lean tax lawyer who runs giant Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp. (1965 sales forecast: \$875 million). Strange though such arithmetic may seem, it makes sense at Olin. Like many another manufacturing mammoth, the company overreached itself in a scramble to diversify a few years ago, found its profits dwindling as its debts increased. Olin is still pretty diversified—its 4,500 products include antifreeze, shotguns, rocket fuel, electric toothbrushes and paper for Bibles—but it has learned how to make its money stretch further. It is busy tidying up its corporate house, notably with an ambitious three-year, \$230 million plant expansion and modernization program aimed at wresting economies from its ability to do things in a big way.

Last week Olin dedicated the world's largest ammonia plant at Lake Charles, La., thus increasing its substantial stake in the fast-growing world market for chemical fertilizer. The \$19 million plant will produce 1,400 tons of ammonia a day, require a crew of only 32. It should eventually enable Olin to shut down its older, more costly ammonia plant at Lake Charles, where a staff of 71 produces only 350 tons a day. To take full advantage of the need for fertilizers—the world must double its food supply by 1980 just to keep even—the company recently opened the world's largest phosphoric acid plant in Houston, is building an ammonia-based urea plant at Lake Charles.

Surrounded by Youth. Olin's five major operations are practically five different companies. Through them, Olin is the U.S.'s fourth largest aluminum



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By Frank Gault
Staff Reporter of The Wall Street Journal
Little is known about the money world takes
the sea in hunting some of its richest, untapped
resources, or a vast new realm
of scientific and industrial activity.

Investment bank Citicorp Corp. is
conducting through money, to study
them in the Pacific off La Jolla,
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Debbie Bryant, Miss America, 1966

Saving Water

U.S. Researchers Test
New Low-Cost Ways
To Conserve Supplies

Limiting Evaporation Could
Ease New York Shortage;
West Opens Seepage Fight

By James E. Ryan
Staff Reporter of The Wall Street Journal
Of all ideas to ease New York's water
shortage, the thought of spreading
reservoir impoundments over the reservoirs and
dams just below the coast seemed
But a panel of four water experts
beginning studies on New York's water supply
may give the idea more attention
than it has.

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producer (it was the first to raise aluminum prices, last to back down), its sixth largest chemical company and its leading manufacturer of cigarette paper. Though the company is principally a supplier to other industries, its other two divisions—Squibb drugs and Winchester-Western sporting guns—produced a third of its sales last year. All of the divisions are busy on several continents. Olin has just opened a caustic soda plant in Georgia and a sporting ammunition plant in Italy, is building a biological research laboratory in New Jersey, a plywood plant (its first) in Louisiana, and a plant in Ireland to produce an ingredient for anti-druff shampoo.

Olin Mathieson acquired most of this industrial spread at its birth in 1954, when Olin Industries merged with Mathieson Chemical Co. It has only lately begun to master it, particularly since Gordy Grand, 48, took over as president and chief executive last April. New Jersey-born, educated at Yale ('38) and Harvard Law School, Grand became G.O.P. counsel to the House Ways and Means Committee in 1948, became such an expert on taxation (he is currently president of the Tax Foundation) that Olin Industries Founder John Olin hired him as assistant in 1953, promoted him to vice president for administration the year the merger took place.

In his eight months as top man, Grand has shucked off unprofitable plants, folded the international division into other operations, promoted 50 Olin managers and surrounded himself with youthful executive vice presidents (average age: 49) whose salaries run close to his own \$125,000 a year. He demands that each of Olin's divisions keep its profits within the top third of its competitive field, gives them virtual autonomy to do so. "Now we have a clear recognition of what we're doing and where we're going," says Grand. "We have taken on the flexibility of small business combined with the scale and economy of big business."

Two-Mile Walk. Grand runs his company so smoothly that he still practices a personal preachment: "It's stupid to spend too many hours a day on company business. You aren't effective if you don't have a good time." He walks the two miles from his Park Avenue apartment to a normal workday in mid-Manhattan, weekends in Greenwich, Conn., with his wife and five children, skis in Vermont, summers on Fishers Island in Long Island Sound. There is nothing relaxed, however, about Grand's plans for Olin. He is struggling to fatten the unimpressive return on investment (4.9% despite a 22% profit increase so far this year), intends to completely revitalize the lagging Squibb divisions, bring out more consumer products. He expects Olin to hit \$1 billion in sales by 1967. At the company's present rate, he will get what he wants.

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WORLD BUSINESS

WORLD TRADE

Money & the Flag

Judging by the lessons of history, Harold Wilson's effort "to get the rogue elephant back under control"—as the Times of London last week described British sanctions against Rhodesia—will not be easy. Ever since the League of Nations in 1935 attempted the first international sanction against Italy, punishing other nations by commercial or financial boycott has been like stalking elephants with air rifles.

Russia imposed sanctions on Yugoslavia in 1948 after Tito broke with the Comintern, but Tito survived. Arabs and Israel's embargo each other's products, but the results are hardly noticeable. In spite of U.S. sanctions, Cuba and Red China carry on. South Africa hardly realizes that it is being boycotted by 46 nations that are incensed at *apartheid*. The urge to trade is so strong that it usually can be dulled effectively only by outright war. Money talks louder than the flag.

Customers Lost. Aware of this, Britain hopes to topple Rhodesia's Ian Smith with a sophisticated attack on the Rhodesian pound. The pound has been ordered to a kind of Commonwealth coventry: Rhodesia's \$60 million sterling account with the Bank of England has not been frozen, but new exchange controls prevent British businessmen from accepting Rhodesian pounds and force them to channel payments to Rhodesia into special accounts held up at the bank. The London capital market, on which Rhodesia's 2,700 tobacco farmers depend, has been barred to them. A nation whose economy is precariously based on tobacco and sugar exports has lost its two best customers: Britain and neighboring Zambia, which together took \$93 million (or 52%) of Rhodesian exports. Whitehall aims to force devaluation of the Rhodesian pound and make belt-tightened Rhodesians turn against Smith.

Rhodesia is already feeling the first effects of the economic siege. To compensate for the import duties that it will lose, the government last week sharply raised taxes on domestic beer, whisky and tobacco. South African banks, on which the Rhodesians had counted as allies, temporarily stopped trading in Rhodesian pounds because of the uncertainty. The United Nations, which has never imposed economic sanctions on any nation last week recommended an oil embargo on Rhodesia and the U.S. announced it will not accept Rhodesian sugar.

Jute & Jets. Yet Rhodesia is far from on its knees, and the longer that sanctions drag on the more impatient other nations will become to ignore them. Such, at least, has been the case in previous boycotts. South Africa, denied Indian jute, got all it needed from Paki-

stan. Businessmen find ways, moreover, to transship; U.S. goods have reached Cuba by way of Canada and Mexico.

Cold war politics today make some boycotts impractical or ineffective. Placed under sanctions by Russia, Yugoslavia received aid from the West: Cuba, in the face of U.S. sanctions, got help from the East. Red China has been able to buy from Western nations despite a U.S. embargo. The Israeli-Arab standoff is a joke, since neither has markets to interest the other, and both sides in the cold war trade with each country. Indeed, the only really successful postwar sanction was the 28-day naval blockade that the U.S. threw around Cuba during the 1962 missile crisis. It was totally effective, but it required 180 ships and cost \$44.5 million. Neither Britain nor many other nations today can afford to spend that kind of money to stymie an antagonist.

JAPAN

Trying to Spin Out of Trouble

Though Japan is still the world's biggest exporter of cotton goods, its cotton-spinning industry has been declining steadily for a decade. Stepped-up international competition, notably from the U.S., Britain and West Germany, has cut Japan's share of the world market from 30% in 1955 to 22% last year. Cuthroat rivalry at home has helped shave profit margins from an average of 8% ten years ago to barely 1.4% today. All the while, the rapid rise of synthetic fibers has done much to dampen world demand for cottons.

Last week, seeking to improve their fortunes through consolidation and streamlining, two of Japan's leading cotton-spinning companies decided to become one. Toyobo Co., the leading spinner (1964 sales: \$250 million), announced that it would merge with

fourth-ranking Kureha Spinning Co. (1964 sales: \$100 million). The surprise merger was the best evidence yet that Japan's tradition-bound cotton industry is at last beginning to meet the challenges that face it.

The Underseller Undersold. The industry's troubles began with widespread restrictions by other countries against importing the cheap "dollar blouses" with which Japan flooded world markets in the 1950s. The reaction is still strong. This year, sweeping import barriers set up by Japan's major African customers (Nigeria, Tanzania, Kenya and Uganda) will contribute substantially to an estimated 5% decline in the country's cotton exports. On top of this, Japan is losing ground in traditional markets simply because spinners in other countries have been quicker to modernize, and thus to undersell the Japanese.

The problem is that only about 10% of the facilities of Japan's ten biggest spinners consists of up-to-date, mechanized equipment. The main obstacle to modernization: as profits shrink, companies are finding it increasingly difficult to shoulder the high costs of automating their plants. Many are turning to synthetics, but in doing so must compete against the greater experience and entrenched position of existing synthetic-fiber producers.

Concentrating for Efficiency. The Toyobo-Kureha combine is the first instance in which the ailing industry has adopted the drastic solution that the government has been urging: concentration of capital and increased efficiency through merger. "We should have done this a long time ago," says Toyobo President Toyosaburo Taniguchi, 64, who will head the new venture with the assistance of Kureha's Kyoichi Ito, 51. The new company, which will keep the name Toyobo, will have a combined capital of \$51 million and 32,000 em-



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ployees in 33 mills. The merger, almost sure to be followed by others, will provide an early test of the industry's ability to make a comeback in an increasingly competitive market.

SPAIN

Money for Mañana

Spain's burro-paced economy has started to gallop. Industrial output has nearly doubled in the past five years. By 1975, the country's gross national product is expected to reach \$30 billion, almost twice its current \$16.6 billion. As one of Europe's potential-growth speedsters, Spain has naturally attracted sizable inflows of foreign capital, which the government has welcomed. But inevitably the main job of financing Spanish business expansion must come from within the country.

Last week two of Spain's Big Five banks planned a merger that would help gear Spanish banking to the heavy demands ahead. It would meld Spain's biggest commercial bank, the Banco Hispano Americano (capitalization \$19.6 million, reserves \$47.2 million), with the Banco Central (capitalization \$13.3 million, reserves \$33.3 million). With these combined resources and 805 branches, the new bank would rank sixth in Europe.

The merger is a major move toward the updating of Spain's banking structure, which has been one of Europe's most conservative and most internally powerful. In 1964, major Spanish banks held control of 1,008 enterprises that represent 49% of all the capital of Spanish corporations. This heavy control was long exercised in a conservative way, but more liberal lending policies are now helping Spain's newer industries. Since 1962, long-term private investment has risen from \$150 million to more than \$300 million yearly.

With only 2,800 bank branches (one for every 11,000 inhabitants), Spain lags behind most of Western Europe. The annual income of only \$490 per capita has created little need for bank accounts. As Spain prospers, however, real income is expected to increase at least 50% in the next decade. The growth prospects have already attracted several American banks into joint ventures with Spanish banks. First National City Bank and Bank of America, for example, have set up respective fifty-fifty arrangements with the Banco de Vizcaya and the Banco de Santander.

RED CHINA

Of Geese & Ballyhoo

To celebrate the end of Red China's month-long trade fair at Canton last week, a chorus of mountain girls sang of their yearning to be turned into wild geese so they could fly to Peking to be with Chairman Mao. Mao wishes that more Western businessmen would share that ardor, but his yearning has little more chance of fulfillment than that



FAIR EXHIBITION HALL IN CANTON
Is helping Hanoi causing heartburn?

of the girls. Fewer countries sent delegations to the fair than in the past. While the range of goods that the Chinese showed off was wider, the quality showed only scant improvement. The Chinese-made suitcases were so heavy as to constitute a load in themselves, had unreliable locks. Many of the canned foods caused heartburn. The Chinese wines tasted like fruit juice.

As at previous Canton fairs, there was an emphasis on light industrial goods: bicycles, radios, toys. The Chinese also showed off such major capital items as locomotives, turbine generators and transformers, but they were not for sale. Reason: they are too desperately needed at home to further domestic production, were included in the show strictly for ballyhoo. To some visitors, the poor state of the fair seemed evidence that Red Chinese industry is reflecting the strains of Peking's backing of Hanoi in the Vietnamese war.

Nonetheless, the Chinese made some sales. Visitors were impressed by low-cost, simple-to-operate lathes, printing presses and weaving looms, and representatives of African and Asian nations placed substantial orders. Japanese businessmen were the biggest buyers, ordered \$10 million worth of pig iron and iron ore and large quantities of soybeans and maize. Typically, though, they took home more money than they left behind, made deals to sell the Red Chinese \$100 million worth of steel plate, stainless-steel tubing and heavy truck axles. In Peking this week, France will take its turn at supplying Red China's urgent demand. The French are opening a huge industrial exposition for which they carefully selected each exhibit to satisfy concrete interest expressed by potential Red customers.

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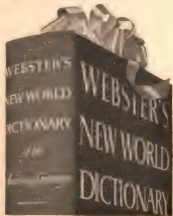
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MILESTONES

Born. To Suzy Parker, 32, onetime model, sometime actress (*Circle of Deception*), and Bradford Dillman, 34, brooding cinemactor (*A Rage to Live*): their first child, a daughter; in Los Angeles.

Born. To John Daly, 51, imperturbable moderator of CBS's *What's My Line?*, and Virginia Warren Daly, 37, eldest daughter of Supreme Court Chief Justice Earl Warren: their third child, first daughter; in Manhattan.

Died. Lansdell K. Christie, 61, founder and president of Liberia Mining Co., the West African country's first modern iron-ore mine (3,000,000 tons in 1964), who discovered Liberia's mineral potential during World War II while serving as an officer in the U.S. Army Engineers, in 1946 began developing the deposits with early financing from Republic Steel, making himself such a fortune that in 1960 he was able to help bankroll Liberia's big Mano River iron-ore project with an interest-free loan of \$1,700,000; after a short illness; in Sysset, L.I.

Died. Rear Admiral Allen Phillip Calvert, 64, World War II commander of the PT-boat flotilla in which President Kennedy skipped the PT 109, for which he got the Distinguished Service Medal, later Deputy Chief of General MacArthur's planning staff; of heart disease; in Oakland, Calif.

Died. Allen Balcom Du Mont, 64, "father of television," an inventor and broadcasting pioneer who perfected the first commercially practical cathode-ray tube in 1931, thereupon attempted to corner the new market with the first home TV sets (1938) and a network of three stations (in 1941), but was left far behind by better-financed RCA and CBS, eventually sold out and became a consultant to Fairchild Camera & Instrument Corp., often observing that he felt like Frankenstein beholding his monster; of complications from diabetes; in Manhattan.

Died. Alexander King, 66, pungent author and TV wit, an editorial associate of LIFE whose career collapsed in 1945 when he sank into drug addiction, but rebounded to new heights in 1959 with explosive appearances on the *Tonight* show to plug his bestselling memoirs (*Mine Enemy Grows Older*), giving voice to his acid appraisals of modern art ("a putrescent coma"), advertising ("an overripe fungus") and people in general ("adenoidal baboons"); of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Tony De Marco, 67, U.S. ballroom dancer in the 1920s, '30s, and '40s, leader of the "Dancing De Marcos," who whirled his magnificently gowned

partners around vaudeville and supper-club stages of the U.S. and Europe, thrilling audiences with his gliding grace and superbly timed leaps, in 1957 retired to Florida with Sally De Marco, his third wife and tenth partner; following a stroke; in West Palm Beach, Fla.

Died. Dawn Powell, 67, Ohio-born author of 13 wittily satiric novels (*The Golden Spur*), mostly depicting the plight of the innocent provincial caught in Greenwich Village among unscrupulous publishers and predatory women; of cancer; in Manhattan.

Died. Harold M. Bixby, 75, aviation pioneer and vice president of Pan American World Airways from 1938 to 1949, who as president of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce in 1927 was a key backer of Charles Lindbergh's solo transatlantic flight and named Lindy's single-engined monoplane *The Spirit of St. Louis*; of a heart attack; in Captiva Island, Fla.

Died. Harry Blackstone, 80, U.S. magician, a master illusionist who described magic as "nothing but psychology," brought new excitement to the old now-you-see-it-now-you-don't school when, performing at the White House in 1926, he pickpocketed a revolver from Calvin Coolidge's bodyguard, and became one of the giants in the field with his own line of spectacular tricks, featuring a donkey vanishing onstage and a rope climber disappearing in a cloud of smoke; of uremia; in Hollywood.

Died. William Thomas Cosgrave, 85, Ireland's President from 1922 to 1932, an early member of the revolutionary Sinn Féin and active participant in the bloody 1916 uprising, who then sided with the moderates accepting Britain's offer of self-rule, in 1922 became President of the Irish Free State, working ably to put the exhausted country on its feet, establish an efficient legislature, stabilize finances and improve agriculture, but still lost to Eamon de Valera in 1932, thereafter leading the opposition until retirement in 1944; of a heart attack; in County Dublin; Ireland.

Died. Natalie Dunfee Kalmus, 87, co-developer in 1914, with her late chemist-husband Herbert Kalmus, of Technicolor, first and still most widely used color film process, who served as color director (1915-49) when Technicolor had a virtual monopoly of the field, turning out such early successes as *Gold Diggers of Broadway* (1929), *Becky Sharp* (1935), but quit after losing a bitter California divorce suit against her husband when it came out that they had been secretly divorced since 1921, thus invalidating her claim to half his property, estimated at \$3,000,000; of an intestinal obstruction; in Boston.



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CINEMA

Norman Nights

The *War Lord* is a costume epic with an unusual theme. Its hero, quite as usual, is Charlton Heston, playing a misspent 11th-century knight who falls heir to a small and dreary Norman fief on the coast of the North Sea. "There's a strangeness in this place," Heston remarks. And his servant Richard Boone

brother of Dean), who ends one clash with the withering retort: "I hate your knightly guts." Scenarists Millard Kaufman and John Collier share credit for this adaptation of *The Lovers*, a somber play by Leslie Stevens that lasted less than a week on Broadway. The movie version runs on and on and on, but proves nothing whatever about the survival of the fittest.

Playing the Palace

The Secret of My Success. "Believe in people, have faith in mankind, and never search for evil," says James Booth. That is his secret, drilled into him by the monstrous little eccentric he calls Mother (Amy Dolby). Booth plays a bungling British constable who sees all women as embodiments of virtue and makes his fortune by mistake. His principal errors involve: Stella Stevens, as a slatternly village dressmaker who tricks him into entombing her murdered husband; Honor Blackman, irrationally seductive as a mad neo-Nazi entomologist who breeds spiders the size of St. Bernards; and Shirley Jones, as a revolutionist who enlists Booth's aid to overthrow a Central American republic while pretending to make a movie about it. Comedian Lionel Jeffries labors throughout in four lunatic minor roles.

Abetted behind the scenes by dear old Mother, Booth advances from obscurity to quasi nobility as inheritor of a fabulous English country seat—actually Blenheim Palace, where much of the filming took place, marking a ruinous setback to the dignity of Britain's stately homes. Hollywood Writer-Director Andrew Stone's handiwork, billed as a black comedy, hues to the popular



DROIT DU SEIGNEUR IN "WAR LORD"
A borrowed bride.

nods sagely, like a man who knows a godforsaken frontier town when he sees one. Heston's castle is a tacky stronghold, one lone tower surrounded by sullen villagers and under constant threat of attack by swarms of large blond barbarians wearing identical wigs.

Unhappily—and here's the twist—mild lord's lust for battle counts as nothing compared to the lust inspired in him by a winsome peasant girl, Rosemary Forsyth. He needs her, he explains, as he needs bread, sunshine, fire in winter. Honor. Well, blast honor. He claims the lass on the very day of her marriage to a husky serf, invoking the ancient *droit du seigneur* whereby a nobleman may claim "the right of the first night" with any bride in his domain. The local priest (Maurice Evans) fusses a bit, suggesting that he choose another virgin, but his lordship will have none of them.

At dawn, the borrowed bride seems agreeable enough when her master, defying the laws of God and man, declares himself sole possessor of his prize. Though their tepid passion would scarcely justify a stern frown, it somehow brings on rebellion, invasion, indeed an all-hands orgy of picturesque violence. Enemy hordes besiege the tower, piling up in the moat while oil and dissension boil within. "Is this what we get for loving?" asks the fair captive.

Amidst its famine of pleasures, *War Lord* affords a feast of anachronisms, the choicest assigned to his lordship's quarrelsome sibling (Guy Stockwell,



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misnomer for any movie that dares to flaunt some inept waggery or mishandle a corpse. *Secret* obviously deserves a description of another color. "Green-sickly" might do.

Warmup for Murder

Return from the *Ashes* borrows polished Actress Ingrid Thulin from Ingmar Bergman's glittering stable, and puts her to posture in one of those lady-in-a-jam thrillers, impossible to believe but easy to enjoy. With a script that gives her lucid intelligence little to fasten upon, Actress Thulin often



EGGAR, SCHELL & THULIN IN "ASHES"

A murdered mother.

seems well beyond the wit's end of the character she plays—a Jewish doctor who returns to Paris after World War II, eager to pick up her successful practice and her ne'er-do-well young husband.

Maximilian Schell is persuasively shallow as the husband, a free-loading chess champion who has always been deeply in love with his wife's money. Believing her dead, he has seduced her winsome, scheming stepdaughter (Samantha Eggar), first in line for the family fortune. Ingrid appears incognito, hair darkened, the scars of her concentration-camp ordeal erased by surgery, and is not recognized at first because that would spoil the plot. She falls into a mistaken-identity hoax engineered by Samantha, soon finds herself impersonating a woman who is hired to impersonate her real self.

Before all scores are settled, Samantha discovers who is not who, abhors her demotion to second fiddle in a *ménage à trois*, and quickly improvises a plan to murder her stepmother. Max prefers his own scheme, which is to eliminate both women, leaving himself as Ingrid's sole beneficiary. *Ashes* departs considerably from the French novel on which it is based, but Director J. Lee Thompson smoothly stretches out the tension of a creepy bathtub sequence, followed by an explosive climax involving a booby-trapped safe. Finally, though, this who'll-do-it must be appreciated chiefly as a challenge to the ingenuity of three attractive performers, warming up goulash on the back burner.

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BOOKS

Agony in Affluence

THE MAIAS by Eça de Queiroz. 633 pages. St. Martin's Press. \$7.95.

José Maria de Eça de Queiroz (1845-1900) presents a claim to fame that is also a patent of obscurity. He is the major novelist of a minor language: Portuguese. A scrawny chap with big buck teeth and a hook nose, Eça de Queiroz (pronounced Essa de Kay-rozh) spent most of his life as a Portuguese consul in London and Paris, fell under the spell of Flaubert and Zola, wrote a stack of realistic novels that appalled the provincial Portuguese and impressed some literate Parisians but missed fire in America. In 1962, however, a translation of *O Crime do Padre Amaro* presented him to U.S. readers as a satirist of force and finesse. And now this excellent translation of *Os Maias*, a masterpiece of his maturity, demonstrates that Eça de Queiroz was an ironic realist surpassed in total achievement only by the greatest of the great 19th century novelists.

Last Hope. *The Maias* is a social chronicle on the grand scale, a 633-page epic that depicts the decline of the illustrious house of Maia, and with it the degeneration of the Portuguese aristocracy. The decline reaches the critical stage when Pedro da Maia shoots himself because his wife has run off with another man and taken her small daughter along. Fortunately for the Maias, Pedro's absconding spouse has left a son behind, and Pedro's aged father undertakes to regenerate the family by nurturing its last hope.

The strenuous life is prescribed for the boy, and little Carlos responds superbly. At 25, having completed his medical studies and a grand tour of Europe, he is magnificently equipped to preserve his family and to serve his country. With verve and apparent de-

termination he opens a handsome consulting room, sets up a modern experimental laboratory, blocks out a much-needed history of medicine.

Wrong Thing. Lisbon, Carlos fancies, lies at his feet; perhaps—but Lisbon is snoring. Patients, assuming that a man of his means must either be a very expensive doctor or a very bad one, stay away in droves. His fine friends, however, arrive by the dozen

gist, a redoubtable literary architect, a master of the crowd scene surpassed only by Tolstoy. He is a magically engaging raconteur whose sentences trollope along with a wonderful easy rhythm, and whose images are tinglingly kinetic ("You will have partridges à l'espagnole that will make castanets grow on your fingertips!"). He is, finally and fundamentally, a great tragic ironist whose extravasating hatred for man's inhumanity is tempered by a tender pity for all lives, however good or evil, that must end in death.



QUEEN MARY



DARNLEY



BOTHWELL

Wanton schemer or woman wronged?

to chatter about literature, politics, the latest scandal; to lure him off to a café, the opera, a dinner party, an assignation. Carlos resists, but not very vigorously. In a few months, he finds himself living the life of a Latin playboy and wondering a bit anxiously if anything serious will ever happen to him.

What happens is what usually happens to a man who sits around and waits for things to happen: the wrong thing. One day Carlos sees a woman on the street, and is instantly smitten with the sort of grand passion that is possible only to the passive. He makes her his mistress, and is about to make her his wife when he discovers that the lady is his long-lost sister. Here at last is the romantic disaster for which Carlos has been secretly hoping, the excuse that will justify his failure to stand up and fight like a man for the ideals he passionately professes but does not deeply feel. In a paroxysm of pusillanimity he abandons his career, his country, all hope of a meaningful existence. He runs away to Paris, and there squanders the best year of his life in sophisticated inanition.

Special Accident. There is a monstrous flaw in all this. The special accident of incest makes the reader hesitate to accept the singular fate of Carlos as the general tragedy of his class. But the novelist's skills are so formidable that this error is almost completely compensated. He is an acute psycholo-

Perennial Mystery

THE CASKET LETTERS by M. H. Armstrong Davison. 352 pages. University Press of Washington, D.C., and Community College Press. \$8.

The plot is surefire. Beautiful young Queen of Scotland takes a lover, plots to kill off her sottish husband, succeeds but loses her throne and flees into the hands of her homely rival, Queen Elizabeth of England, who throws her into prison and, some years later, has her beheaded.

But history has not made it clear whether Mary Stewart, Queen of Scots, was a wanton schemer or a woman wronged—particularly since the whole evidence of her presumed adultery and complicity in her husband's murder rests on the eleven documents that comprise the "Casket Letters." In this highly packed piece of literary sleuthing, Dr. M. H. Armstrong Davison concludes that the Casket Letters were fakes.

The Blowup. All that is known for certain is that on the morning of Feb. 10, 1567, conspirators ignited a massive charge of gunpowder and demolished Kirk O'Field, a royal residence where Lord Darnley, Mary's dissolute young husband, lay recovering from a severe case of pox that most likely was secondary syphilis. But Darnley was not a victim of the blast. In some manner, which has always bemused and tanta-



EÇA DE QUEIROZ

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lized historians, he and a servant got away to a nearby garden, where they were waylaid and strangled.

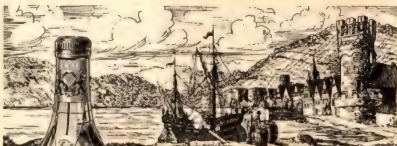
Since Mary had left the residence only a few hours before the explosion, and since it was well known that she detested her husband, she was instantly suspected of being involved in the plot to do him in. Suspicion crystallized into widespread indignation when some three months later she married the profligate and domineering Earl of Bothwell, believed to be her lover and the actual murderer of her husband. A group of Protestant noblemen, who had always been hostile to their Catholic Queen, seized Mary and forced her to abdicate. She soon escaped to England and threw herself on the mercy of Elizabeth, her cousin and longtime rival.

Elizabeth resolved to keep Mary a prisoner, and to provide a pretext Mary was persuaded to submit her cause to an English commission. Before this commission, the Scottish Regency produced its evidence that Mary was madly infatuated with Bothwell and had conspired with him to do away with her husband. Called the Casket Letters because allegedly they were recovered from a silver casket belonging to Mary, the documents consisted of eight letters, a love ballad supposedly written by Mary, and two marriage contracts she reputedly signed with Bothwell. On this evidence, historians have generally concluded that Mary was involved in, or at least aware of, the plot to kill her husband.

Wrong Victim. Davison, a British doctor and lecturer in the history of medicine at the University of Newcastle upon Tyne, spent ten years researching and analyzing everything written about Mary and the Scotland of her age to produce his defense. Some of the letters, he concludes, were written by one of Bothwell's mistresses. Others were actually written by Mary to Bothwell in the course of legitimate business, but then doctored to suggest illicit passion and intrigue. One of Mary's maids-in-waiting had been taught by the same writing master as Mary, and as a result her handwriting was almost indistinguishable from Mary's. Davison claims that at the urging of her husband, who turned against Mary, she forged and inserted incriminating passages.

But Davison's most startling thesis is that Mary, far from being a party to the gunpowder plot at Kirk o'Field, was really marked to be its victim. On the basis of meticulously constructed evidence, he charges that Darnley conspired with a faction of power-hungry lords to have the gunpowder planted in the residence, then touched it off himself, believing that Mary had returned to the house. Darnley fled to the garden, and there was strangled by his fellow conspirators.

Furthermore, Dr. Davison confirms the diagnosis of other historians that Mary suffered from an acutely active gastric ulcer. He also concludes that in terms of modern psychiatry she was a



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medically certifiable hysteric. He blames her neurosis on her troubled childhood in the first instance, and unusual height. As a child, she fell into robbing tantrums in times of stress. In later life, she always got sicker when her fortunes ebbed—in one crisis she lost the use of her legs for some weeks. If she was a hysteric, Author Davison considers it highly unlikely that Mary was driven by lust to contrive the death of her husband. Instead, like most hysterics, Mary was probably sexually frigid.

It Was All True

THE SEA YEARS by Jerry Allen. 368 pages. Doubleday. \$6.95.

"I never could invent an effective lie," Novelist Joseph Conrad once confessed. In this richly documented study, Author Jerry Allen demonstrates—with details assembled over a period of ten



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years from the four corners of the world—that most of Conrad's novels are scene-for-scene, character-for-character transmutations of the extravagant adventures of his youth.

The adventures began when Conrad (real name: Teodor Józef Konrad Korzeniowski), the orphaned son of Polish intellectuals, defied his guardian and went to sea at the age of 16. *Nostromo*, for instance, describes with photographic precision a revolution he witnessed in Central America while serving as an apprentice aboard a French barque carrying guns to the insurgents. *The Nigger of the Narcissus* narrates, day by day, a stormy voyage that Conrad once took around the Cape of Good Hope: the "nigger" was an old black seaman born a slave in Georgia who died at sea as he does in the book.

The most spectacular of Conrad's adventures is related in *The Arrow of Gold*. The adventure began when Conrad, then only 19, was running guns off

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house. Why not the windows? They leak heat, create drafts. Are storm windows the answer? Think of the bother. And the four surfaces that have to be washed instead of just two.

Thermopane insulating glass, on the other hand, eliminates the cost

and nuisance of storm sash. Thermopane is two panes of glass with a blanket of insulating air hermetically sealed between. It's the original in-



ulating glass, proved through the years and made in the U.S.A. only by L-O-F. You can tell it's Thermopane by the trademark etched in the corner of units. It's there for your protection.

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Clip this page and show it to your builder. Tell him you want Thermopane in all your windows.

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the Spanish coast for the Carlist Pretender to the Spanish throne. Pursued by a Spanish warship, the captain ran the ship on the rocks. All aboard swam safely to shore, hid in a cellar until the way to France was clear.

In Marseille, Conrad met and fell madly in love with the Pretender's beautiful young mistress, a luscious Hungarian named Paula de Somogyi. They ran off together and spent several idyllic weeks in a rose-covered cottage on an Alp. The idyl ended when a jealous admirer provoked a quarrel. Conrad challenged him to a duel, but then chivalrously fired at the fellow's pistol hand. His opponent, who was Francis Scott Key's grandson but obviously no gentleman, calmly transferred the pistol to his other hand and shot Conrad through the chest. For days Conrad lay near death, but Paula, who never left his side, pulled him through. In the end, reality blighted romance. Conrad ran out of money, Paula ran back to her prince; she later married an opera singer and lived luxuriously ever after.

It all sounds like a bad novel—and it is. But of all his books, *The Arrow of God* was the one that moved Conrad most. To the end of his life, Conrad admitted that he could not read it without "a little shrinking of the heart."

Current & Various

PADDY ON SUNDAYS by Edward Caddick. 245 pages. Little, Brown. \$4.95.

Anyone who embarks on this first novel is likely to stay with it to the end. The story is kept tautly suspended by a narrative skill that holds the reader even after he has begun to suspect, and rightly, that the structure is not as secure as it seemed. Len Price, a stubborn, unhappy British boy of poor and neglectful parents, lives out a fantasy life on Sundays at the London zoo. There his friend is a dotty old woman who calls him Paddy and firmly believes that his parents are both wealthy and solicitous. Len's castles crumble to make the author's point: that no one understands, or even really wants to, the dream world of a troubled child. Author Caddick does not fully understand either: through the gaps in Len's little-boy disguise peeks a much older man. *Paddy on Sundays* is a promissory note signed by a talent that should surely grow.

THE MARBLE FAUN AND A GREEN BOUGH by William Faulkner. 118 pages. Random House. \$4.75.

Great men sometimes have idiot children. Novelist William Faulkner, for instance, produced two volumes of verse. Republished under one cover after being out of print for several decades, they made an arrestingly gruesome twosome. *The Marble Faun*, written when Faulkner was 21, is a dollop of schoolboyish Shelley-shallying in which Pan and Philomel pipe and warble, and every other word is ah or ye or 'neath or hark. *A Green Bough*, published



POET FAULKNER
Anaconda in organdy.

when he was 36 and should have known better, seems on the contrary the work of a village Eliot.

Will you have more tea? Cigarettes? No?

I thank her, waiting for her to go.

Clearly, verse was not Faulkner's form; but talent will out. Here and there beneath these slight conventional measures, the primeval force that fills the novels flexes disturbingly, like an anaconda in organdy.

On every hill battalioned trees
March skyward on unmoving knees,
And like a spider on a veil
Climbs the moon. A nightingale,
Lost in the trees against the sky,
Loudly repeats its jewelled cry.

A GIFT OF LAUGHTER by Allan Sherman. 335 pages. Atheneum. \$5.95.

Allan Sherman decided early that he had to laugh. His father was an automobile mechanic and inventor who belted down bourbon by the glassful and disappeared when Allan was six. His mother was a fun-loving flapper who had four husbands and bought books with jackets to harmonize with her draperies. Sherman grew up in Los Angeles, Miami, Chicago and New York. After 21 public schools and the University of Illinois, he packed up a suitcase full of his songs, settled down in New York for seven lean years as a starving television gagwriter. Then one day he and a friend thought up the idea for *I've Got a Secret*, and he settled down for seven fat years as a Madison Avenue television producer. He insists that it was a nightmare. Transferred to the Coast, he lost his job producing the *Steve Allen Show*, and was picking up relief checks when he cut *My Son, the Folk Singer*; he has been rolling in record royalties and showbiz success jobs ever since. In this garrulously ingratiating book, Sherman appears as a half-crass, half-crushed victim of his own success. "You've got to run very fast to stay where you are," he says, borrowing inspiration from Lewis Carroll. He insists that he hates it.

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